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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1861.

## LITERATURE

*Woman's Rights under the Law. In Three Lectures, delivered in Boston in 1861. By Caroline H. Dall. (Boston, U.S., Walker & Co.)*

*Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy. By Margaret Goodman. (Smith, Elder & Co.)*

HERE are two books, written by two women, each sincerely anxious to do her best for the promotion of female perfectibility. They are in complete contrast. Nothing can be more opposed than the mode in which each tries to work her problem. Mrs. Caroline Dall, whose *Lectures on Woman's Right to Labour* have been reviewed in this journal in no unkindly spirit, again takes the field, with larger claims and in a more defiant attitude. We are sorry to say that, on the present occasion, she scolds more than usual. Woman's right to labour conceded, she argues that woman's right "to a seat in the legislature, a vote to control appropriation and taxes," would follow as a matter of course. The whole scope of the present work is to show the extreme injustice of all the laws which exclude women from the polling-booth as voters and from the hustings as candidates. She begs her questions with the imperturbable assurance of an Irishman, and draws her conclusions as undoubtingly as though they were based upon accomplished facts; after which she proceeds to abuse men in general for not carrying out her views. On the text, 'Woman's civil equality,' she writes:—"If all the fields of human labour are thrown absolutely open (and you admit they ought to be), if women enter and grow wealthy therein, if every second woman, for instance, were an intelligent property-holder, is it credible that she, or her husband for her, would rest content in her present minority? Would she not want a seat in the Legislature to protect her property—a vote to control appropriation and taxes?"

When a majority of women, she contends, find the means of thorough education open, then a much greater number will seek actual employment, and immediately the interests of property will compel them to "*clamour for suffrage*." As Mrs. Dall puts it:—"Five thousand female property-holders calling their own caucus, and storming the City Hall with well-concerted words, would compel any Government to listen—would compel committees to sit and departments to act. Let it be your first duty, then, to add to the number of intelligent female workers."

"La providence des chats n'est pas celle des souris," says a witty French tale we read once; and decidedly the millennium for women will not be "a good time coming" for the government of the day, that is to be "compelled to listen to the well-concerted words of five thousand female property-owners" in their own caucus assembled! The heart of the sternest Radical must relent at such a retribution in store for tyrants: only a woman could have devised it. However, that here is still to catch; the five thousand female property-holders who have become millionaires by their own industry are, as yet, only a theory. When women can make a fortune, the rights and duties consequent upon it will become theirs likewise; meanwhile, let the threatened men live long, and consider that they have received "leur premier avertissement," as M. de Persigny would say.

The other book at the head of our article, the '*Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy*,' is

in every respect a contrast to the work of the American lady. It is full of a deep and touching interest,—it is written in a spirit of the truest Christian charity. Although the narrative is personal, the author with graceful ingenuity avoids speaking of herself. There is not an unkind or censorious expression throughout, and yet it is not sweetly amiable and insipid; on the contrary, in spite of convent discipline and the rigours of penance, the author has a sense of humour and love of fun which relieves and brightens the painful details of many of the "experiences." It reveals the touching earnestness with which numbers of women desire not "their rights under the law" or otherwise, but to spend their lives in the endeavour to ameliorate the lot of those who are poor and helpless and wretched. "Led chiefly," says Miss Goodman, "by the wish to minister to untended suffering, in the summer of 1852 I joined the Sisters of Mercy at Devonport." There is a brief but very interesting sketch of the rise of the Institution of the Sisters of Mercy, from the first unpretending endeavour on the part of Miss Sellon to mitigate the wretchedness of the poor, "especially in our maritime towns," and the adoption of fantastic mediæval conventional rules, which she gradually developed till they altogether changed the nature of her first intentions. Miss Goodman remained six years with Miss Sellon. At the end of that time the conventual rules became too hard and the severities too unreasonable, and she left the sisterhood to return to her former avocations. This little book contains her own experiences and her observations on the working of the conventual discipline on others. These observations are very valuable, as indicating a mode of life in which the practical good may be effected without the mediæval and monastic element. There were several orders connected with Miss Sellon's society of various degrees of severity, but all tended to the exaggeration of ancient monastic discipline. Here is a description of one of the orders, the Order of the Sacred Heart, to which Miss Goodman seems for a time to have belonged:—

"The Sister of the Order of the Sacred Heart wore but one under garment, a long, rough, flannel chemise, of which article she possessed two. Those who kept the rule in all its integrity wore no stockings, and sandals in the place of boots; their dress was of white serge, over which they wore, out of doors, a cloak of brown serge topped by a bonnet of black alpaca, to which was suspended a long alpaca veil: the colour of the dress was afterwards changed to brown. On a wet day, when it was necessary to hold up the dress, our great enemies, the little boys, were in a state of considerable excitement; but sisters of this order seldom went abroad except to church. \* \* The daily rule of the 'Order of the Sacred Heart,' throughout the year, was as follows. I speak from memory:—Rise at 3 A.M. and proceed to chapel immediately, continuing there until 4:30; return to cell for private prayer and meditation for one hour; at six re-enter chapel for the service called *Prime*, which lasted about half an hour; and then self-examination until seven, when all went to their several occupations: these were not usually such as called the sisters from their cells, where each one worked silently and alone. *Terce*, at nine, occupied about fifteen minutes: this service was followed by a sister reading aloud one of the rules of the order, appointed for special meditation on that day. Work was resumed until ten, when came *Sext*, and then came the long-looked-for breakfast, in which dinner was also included: the meal consisted of an ordinary dinner of meat and vegetables, with tea; except on the fasts of the Church, when for meat was substituted rice-pudding or bread and cheese. I cannot tell why it is supposed that fasting, besides being a mortification, is likely to prove a means of making us indifferent to the

promptings of the flesh; why it should be thought that under such circumstances the soul should be less dragged down by the body, and, therefore, capable of higher flights. I have heard those who had tested this by experience, say that, during a severe fast, when walking the streets, engaged in their work, in Church, or wherever they might be, their thoughts would run off from that in which they ought to be occupied, and in imagination they were counting the loaves in some baker's shop with which they were familiar, or something of that kind. The breakfast-table was not left until eleven, the time being spent in reading the Bible generally. From eleven to twelve was allowed for recreation, and until this hour, silence was to be unbroken in the house; but when assembled in the recreation-room, the novices, &c., might speak on certain subjects, if a sister were present. At twelve, *None*s and meditation until one: then the sisters worked each in her cell until four, which was the time for *Vespers*; after this service we had tea, when there was reading again for an hour. Another hour's recreation was followed by *Compline*, and the household were supposed to be in bed by 7:3 P.M.; a sister going round to see that the lights were extinguished."

It is difficult to imagine how the severity of this discipline could be increased; but it was not the bodily severities which pressed the hardest; it was the gradual attempt to suppress the human element—the affections, the social sympathy—which made the life impossible. Miss Goodman says from experience:—

"Setting aside the question whether such a life causes us to neglect social duties, it is doubtful if a life directed by these rules really trains the soul to any high degree of holiness, or is elevating to the character. It appeared to some who watched it to have the effect of narrowing the sympathies, of engendering ignorance, self-conceit and spiritual pride, and of altogether destroying simplicity and self-forgetfulness. If these observances are really conducive to holiness, it is not worth while speaking of the suffering they entailed, though that was something very real: at least mentally."

"The rule of silence" enjoined by Miss Sellon contrasts curiously with the "female caucus," and the right of women to speak in the senate, sighed for by the American lady. That habit of silence was worth going through a few years of hardship to obtain; but under Miss Sellon's passion for conventual rules, it came to be considered as something sacred for its own sake. One of the sisters, we are told, attained to such a perfection of silence, that, except to the superior and the senior sister, at rare intervals, and in the responses of the prayers, she had not spoken for years!

No friendships were allowed. If a friendship between two of the members be discovered, they are carefully separated. One of the main rules of a nun's life is, that she is to walk loose from human friendship, and she is counted to fall from her rule if she looks for human sympathy. There is the story of the death of a young nun, which is tragic in its pathos, dying in the midst of all the unrelaxed petty rules of self-torment, not because those around her were cruel, but because they had got a morbid idea that if self-denial were good, it was therefore wicked to feel any bodily necessities, and inexcusable to yield to them. Miss Goodman's vocation was for the active, not for the contemplative life. In the record of her experiences as a nurse among the very lowest and most destitute poor during the cholera, as a searcher of the "city Arabs," as a nurse at Scutari, the real use and value of the severe training and discipline she had undergone are made very manifest. No women, unless trained to habits of savage self-denial, hardness of living, and implicit obedience to the rules of their order, could have been equal to the calls made upon them. The mistake lay in considering the train-

ing as *in itself* the end and aim of the lives of the sisters, instead of the work which their training enabled them to do. The sisters were encouraged to think that the privations themselves were something excellent, and to study how to make them more intense and more minute, instead of understanding that their only use was to train them to support hardship, so that, keeping nothing tender about themselves, except their pity and charity, they might be able to give themselves up to the comforting and assisting of all who are in any way afflicted or distressed. No one can read this little book without feeling roused by its quiet heroism to the wish to do something for those who are suffering. The unpretending record of Miss Goodman's experiences, as a Sister of Mercy, will make every reader feel ashamed to lead a life of self-indulgence and ease. The incidents of the hospital life at Scutari are full of heroism. Sir Philip Sydney has come down to us as a type of chivalrous self-denial,—but there are soldiers mentioned who instinctively did like him. Heroes seem to be a race, not wonders and exceptions. The great charm of Miss Goodman's book is the modesty with which she avoids all mention of herself, and the generous, unaffected recognition of everybody else. At last, when the war was ended and the last ship was homeward bound, Miss Goodman and her companions returned to the Home at Plymouth. They arrived at midnight, weary in body, but rejoicing in the prospect of seeing their old companions. They found that during the twenty months they had been absent strict conventional rules had been developed. They found that they who had shared so many dangers and privations together were to bid each other good-bye in the corridor of the Abbey, to meet henceforth as strangers, without exchanging a word or even a glance—for that would have been a breach of rule.

The extended intercourse of the last two years had, it would seem, opened Miss Goodman's eyes to the mistake that lay at the root of this mode of life. She and several others quitted Miss Sellon's community,—and they are now, we trust, using their experience and doing good amongst those who need their help, working under the conditions of being human creatures, and not seeking to be wiser than their Creator. Certainly, of the two modes of elevating women—Mrs. Caroline Dall's and Miss Goodman's—we prefer that of the English lady. In spite of all the mistakes she records in the organization of the Sisters of Mercy, the self-abnegation, the devotedness, the courage called forth, give us a glimpse—

To show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made.

*The Lady of Garaye.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mrs. Norton's new poem is not a great one, nor a long one, nor a brilliant one. But it is a poem that will be very welcome in these days of lengthy epic and blazing drama, whose every line is strung with coloured glass beads for mile on mile together. The author has not lost the cunning of her hand for writing verse that moves in measured music with a stately flow. The stream is not very deep nor rapid; it does not threaten its banks; but it is deeper and swifter than it appears from its exceeding clearness.

The book opens with a portrait of the Lady of Garaye, drawn by Mrs. Norton. The dim sweet mystery of her brooding beauty, stealing softly and nun-like through a veil of sorrow that has fallen over the face, is very tender and touching, and will draw the reader to listen

eagerly for any story that is to be told concerning her. It is curious to notice how like is this portrait to a type of face and features, an ideal—if pre-Raphaelites ever have such a thing—that seems to have been a favourite with Mr. Arthur Hughes. Passing on to the poem, we find that the author has not much of a story to tell, but such as it is, it is related simply and well. Being in Brittany last year, Mrs. Norton came upon the ruined chateau of the De La Garayes, who founded the Hospital of Incurables at Dinan. The story of their good deeds and noble natures was green and fresh in the memory of the people, though the old chateau was fast crumbling with decay. Musing among the ruins that are now a home for the bat, the owl, the ivy without, and for desolation and its doleful creatures within,—the author felt a desire to re-kindle in her song the human life that bloomed and faded there long ago. The Count de La Garaye was of noble family, younger son of Guillaume Marot, who was governor of the town and castle of Dinan. He married Mademoiselle de La Motte-Piquet, niece of the Chevalier de La Motte-Piquet who so greatly distinguished himself in the American war. They were matched nobly and lovingly, and dowered by fortune with some of her proudest gifts and graces. Life was all heyday and holiday, and love in their light hearts kept up its May-dance all the year. Here is a picture of the happy wife ready for the hunt, for she was a famous horsewoman, in a waiting attitude, with her gay, brilliant spirits reined into the repose of perfect beauty:—

Like a sweet picture doth the lady stand,  
Still blushing as she bows: one tiny hand,  
Hid by a pearl-embroidered gauntlet, holds  
Her whip and her long robe's exuberant folds.  
The other hand is bare, and from her eyes  
Shades now and then the sun, or softly lies,  
With a caressing touch upon the neck  
Of the clear glossy steed she loves to deck  
With saddle-housings worked in golden thread,  
And golden bands upon his noble head.  
White is the little hand whose taper fingers  
Smooth his fine coat, and still the lady lingers,  
Leaning against his side; nor lifts her head,  
But gently turns as gathering footsteps tread;  
Reminding you of doves with shifting throats,  
Brooding in sunshine by their sheltering cotes.  
Under her plumed hat her wealth of curls  
Falls down in golden links among her pearls,  
And the rich purple of her velvet vest  
Slips the young waist, and rounds the graceful breast.

The proud husband may well gaze on her, and fill his eyes and overflow his soul with her beauty, for this is the last time he will thus see her a picture of life, set in so gracious a shape, of love clothed in loveliness. They mount for the chase. She has been accustomed to keep at his side, follow where he leads, or face any difficulties with a challenge to him in her smiling eyes. A chasm lies in the way. His horse crosses it at a desperate spring. He looks back and sees her taking the flying leap with a triumphant look. But her horse fails to land; both go crashing down the stony steep, and all her beauty lies broken in a moaning heap of helplessness, and all her hunting, happy, out-door days are done.

Readers must seek the poem to know what changes this fatal fall wrought in the lives of these two, and how the flushing magic lights and colours of the dawn died into the sad grey and tearful day, and how a more enduring beauty was slowly created out of the lady's suffering embodied in good deeds and charitable works that at length closed and crowned her life as with a solemn sunset, leaving a starry memory that will not pass away.

One of the strongest and fullest passages of the poem occurs in reply to the lady's question when told that she is a suffering cripple thenceforth.—

"What have I done to earn such fate from heaven?"  
What have the Poor done who, instead of these,  
Suffer in foulest rags each dire disease,  
Creep on the earth and lean against the stones,  
When some disjointing tortures rack their bones,  
And groan and grope throughout the weary night,  
Denied the Rich Man's easy luxury—light?  
What has the Babe done, who, with tender eyes,  
Blinks at the world a little while and dies,  
Having first stretched in wild, convulsive leaps,  
His fragile limbs, which ceaseless suffering keeps  
In ceaseless motion, till the hour when death  
Glanches his little heart, and stops his breath?  
What has the idiot done, whose half-formed soul  
Scarcely knows the seasons as they onward roll,  
Who flees, with gibbering cries and bleeding feet,  
From idle boys that pelt him in the street?  
What have the fair girls done, whose early bloom  
Wasting like flowers that pierce some creviced tomb,  
Plants that have only known a settled shade,  
Lives that for others' uses have been made,  
Toil on from morn to night, from night to morn,  
For those chance pets of fate, the wealthy born,  
Bound not to murmur and bound not to sin,  
However bitter be the bread they win?  
What hath the Slandered done, who vainly strives  
To set his life among untarnished lives,  
Whose bitter cry for justice only fills  
The myriad echoes lost among life's hills?

We consider the concluding lines to be amongst the best in the book. They offer a tribute in remembrance of that kindly man and quiet hero for a working-day, the late Lord Herbert. At the present moment, when we are in the mood to sum up our great personal losses, they will be read with another application, overshadowed with another meaning. We instinctively turn to him who has lately left us a memory beneficent and beautiful in Peace, and should we have to stand foot to foot in battle for old England—another dear grave to keep!—

Even as I write before me seem to rise,  
Like stars in darkness, well remembered eyes,  
Whose light but lately shone on earth's endeavour,  
Now vanished from this troubled world for ever.  
Oh! missed and mourned by many,—I being one,—  
Herbert, not vainly thy career was run  
Nor shall death's shadow, and the folding shroud,  
Veil from the future years thy worth allowed.  
Since all thy life thy single hope and aim  
Was to do good,—not make thyself a name.  
'Tis fit that by the good remaining yet,  
Thy name be one men never can forget.  
Oh! eyes I first knew in our mutual youth,  
So full of limpid earnestness and truth;  
Eyes I saw fading still as day by day  
The body, not the spirit's, strength gave away;  
Eyes that I last saw lifting their farewell  
To the now darkened windows where I dwell,—  
And wondered as I stood there sadly gazing,  
If Death were brooding in their faint upraising;  
If never more thy footsteps light should cross  
My threshold stone—but friends bewail thy loss.  
And she be widowed young, who lonely trains  
Children that boast thy good blood in their veins;  
Fair eyes,—your light was quenched while men still thought  
To see those tasks to full perfection brought!  
But God is not a shapely mass of stone,  
Hewn by Man's hands and worked by him alone;  
It is a seed God sows one to sow,—  
Many to reap; and when the harvests grow,  
God giveth increase thro' all coming years,  
And lets us reap in joy seed that was sown in tears.  
Brave heart! true soldier's son, set at thy post,  
Deserting not till life itself was lost;  
Thou faithful sentinel for others' weal,  
Clad in a surer panoply of steel,  
A resolute purpose,—sleep, as heroes sleep—  
Slain, but not conquered! We thy loss must weep,  
And while our sight the mist of sorrow dims,  
Feel all these comforting words die down like hymns  
Hushed after service in cathedral walls;  
But proudly on thy name thy country calls,  
By thee raised higher than the highest place  
Yet won by any of thy ancient race.  
Be thy sons like thee! So shall as I bend  
Above the page, I write thy name, lost friend!  
With a friend's name shall end it: names that win  
Happy remembrance from the great and good;  
Names that shall sink not in oblivion's flood,  
But with clear music, like a church-bell's chime,  
Sound thro' the river's sweep of onward rushing time!

The publishers have done their best to make 'The Lady of Garaye' acceptable for the drawing-room table, where its sombre richness, darkly golden, will make it more in keeping with the feeling of the time than many gay-gilt gaudy books of the season.



*Iceland: its Land and People*—[*Island: seine Bewohner, Landesbildung und vulkanische Natur*, von G. G. Winkler]. (Braunschweig, Westermann; London, Thimm.)

NOT long ago appeared in these pages a notice of 'The Oxonian in Iceland'; and now we have the diary of a painstaking German Professor, who departed from all his habits, in order to be most uncomfortable for a season in Iceland. The difference between English and German tourists is thoroughly visible in a comparison of these two works: the former are always the discoverers, while the latter follow in their footsteps, and display that "thoroughness" which is the characteristic of the Teutonic mind. Prof. Winkler, at every jolt he received from his merry little pony, indubitably asked himself, with repining, "*Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère?*"—but he bravely endured the detriment he suffered, in the consciousness that he was enriching his Fatherland with new material for study. His researches into the nature of the Geysers, his geological descriptions of Iceland, are undoubtedly valuable, but heavy,—and we will have none of them. With Mr. Metcalfe's book lying before us, we purpose to institute comparisons, and supplement the information that reverend traveller has offered intending Icelandic tourists, from the pages of this most learned of German Professors, who regards humanity from too elevated a stand-point ever to condescend to a joke.

With an uneasy movement in his easy chair, at the mere thought of what he has endured, the Professor tells us of the perils that environ the traveller in Iceland. In the first place, there is the "Heidi," or plateau, which is terrible work for the horses, as they stumble at every step; and if their burden be a bad horseman (as the Professor confesses himself), he has abundant opportunities for making a furrow with his nose. Next comes the "Hraun," or lava stream, on which the pony certainly does not stumble, but makes up for it by slipping with all four feet simultaneously, which must be anything but agreeable to a German Professor. The next pleasurable excitement is produced by the fact, that Icelandic travellers have to pass an infinitude of mountain torrents; and there is only one bridge in the island, and that happens to be under water. Lastly, may be quoted the "Myri," or morasses, which the traveller constantly comes upon, and finds very difficult to pass, because he is unable to imitate Baron Münchhausen, and drag himself and his steed out of the bog by seizing the hair of his own head.

Travellers in Iceland have two alternatives: they can either take their own tent, or trust to the hospitality of the peasants. As in either case they will come frequently into contact with the population, Prof. Winkler is quite right in devoting a large portion of his volume to the people. One of the most prosperous of the peasant class Prof. Winkler came across at Ríykjahlíð, in the Northland; and the following extract will give an idea of an Icelandic Paradise:—

The walls of the room are still of the colour of the wood, but it is easy to see that they are new. Within a year, the peasant remarks, they will be handsomely painted. In the background our searching glance detects a small alcove, and a clean bed is visible between the half-drawn chintz curtains. The space between the windows is occupied by a table and several easy-chairs. Against the walls, to the right and left, stand chests, a newly-polished commode, and a species of secretaire in oak. The conversation between ourselves and the peasant certainly progresses but poorly, as

we both maltreated Danish; but, ere long, his daughter appears, an underset girl, with bright red, plump cheeks, and the stumpy nose peculiar to the daughters of the land. She is busy in preparing the meal. The tablecloth is of snow-white linen, the service of the finest china, and the spoons of heavy silver. Soon a tureen of rice-soup steams on the table. The following dishes are magnificent:—trout, with their yellowish-red meat—smoked mutton—eggs, supplied by the ducks dwelling on the adjoining lake—some of the well-tasted national dish, *skyr*—and, as the finale, coffee. A gourmet might possibly have had some fault to find with the cookery; but the hungry traveller is not dainty. When, besides these enjoyments, he has the certainty that a bed of down is awaiting him, such as can only be met with in princely palaces, he has everything combined to make him comfortable.

Unfortunately, all farm-houses in Iceland are not equal to this, and our Professor saw the reverse of the medal at a place called Stabbaruacastíðir, where he had to pig in what the Icelanders call the *Badstoba*, or sleeping-room. In this small windowless hole ten people spent the night, and the effluvium was stifling, though even here our Professor had a silver spoon to eat with. At night the room was converted into one huge bed, and the sight was the more remarkable because the Icelanders have a fashion of sleeping so that the feet of one are against the head of the other.

The houses of the better class in Iceland are generally built of pieces of trapp, tuff and lava, loosely bound together with patches of turf, for there is no lime on the island to make mortar. Wood is very sparingly used in the poorer houses, as it is so expensive, being all brought from across the sea. The consequence of this use of turf is, that the houses are nearly all excessively damp, and the wood lining is very soon destroyed. The rooms in the houses are not large, but the whole family employ them for sleeping. Young and old, master and servant, male and female, lie together. The beds generally consist of woollen blankets, and from a feeling of economy, every article of clothing is doffed on retiring to rest. In the small Westmanns Islands, to the south of Iceland, during the winter the sheep occupy the *Badstoba* with the inhabitants; for, curiously enough, throughout Iceland the stove, which might be supposed indispensable, *brille par son absence*. It is only visible in the houses of the officials and the merchants; for seaborne coal is fearfully expensive, and there is no wood or coal on this island. The only substitute is peat; but the islanders have not yet discovered its value. As a natural result, the inhabitants employ the most extraordinary firing material. The commonest is the dung of sheep and cows; the latter, which lies during the winter on the meadows, is collected in spring, and burnt in the kitchen. Sheep dung requires some preparation. The sheep-houses are never cleaned out during winter, so that the dung is trodden into a compact crust by the animals. This is removed in spring, and cut into small pieces, which are laid out in front of the houses to dry. The poor fishermen are not even blessed with this fuel, and hence they burn fish-bones, dried seaweed, &c. The inhabitants of the Westmanns Islands are the worst off of all, and they burn the bones of birds. Two kinds of birds assemble in extraordinary numbers on these islands—the sea parrot (*Mormon fratercula*) and the stormy petrel (*Procellaria glacialis*). The meat of these is cut off and salted, while the bones, entrails, &c. are dried and used as fuel. It requires an Icelandic nose to endure the stench thus produced.

We have mentioned a favourite dish called "*Skyr*," and may here state that it is half-made cheese of sheep's milk, and, when fresh, is not

particularly sour. The winter stock is prepared in summer; and the older and more sour the *skyr* becomes, the more healthy is it considered. Most of the butter eaten on the island is made of sheep's milk. There are old rules in vogue settling how much butter the farmer must give his men and maids daily. During the fishing season each man receives 3½ lb.; at ordinary times the man has 2½ lb.; the maid half that quantity. The use of meat, however, appears to be limited:—

The Icelanders generally eat only mutton. In September and October is killing time, for then all animals must die that cannot be fed during the winter. The greater portion of the meat is smoked or pickled. The well-to-do peasants eat meat on Sundays and holidays; and there are certain laws, too, how the master is to treat his servants in this matter. They must receive meat at Christmas, the beginning of Lent, the beginning of summer, and a few other days. The Icelanders prepare smoked mutton excellently, and it is a very nourishing article of food, especially useful for travelling. Capital sausages are made of the sheep's blood; but they are spoiled by the introduction of almonds and raisins, after the Danish fashion.

Next to the sheep the most important animal is the horse,—although these poor animals never know the taste of oats, and fare terribly, especially in the Southland, where no stables are allotted them. They are compelled to dig up the grass from under the snow; and, if that resource fail, put up with seaweed. Many, of course, perish; for blankets and the other precautionary measures we employ with our horses are utterly ignored in Iceland. About 80 per cent. of the Icelandic population live by cattle-breeding; one-half of these also turning their attention to fishing in the season; while one-sixth live solely by the produce of the fishery. The piscine wealth of Iceland is so great that it would be able to support the entire population, were it properly worked. At present, however, the sea only possesses the value of a productive river, flowing past the western side of the island. The Dutch and French fishermen reap a fine harvest here in the summer months. The social condition of the fisherman is very lamentable; for he is exposed to the icy weather with no other nourishment but chewing tobacco and *skyr*. If he be successful in fishing, and catch any fish not suited for trade, he boils them for supper; if not, he cuts off the heads of the cod-fish, and boils them for himself, but dries the fish and sells them to the dealer:—

The most favourite food of the Icelanders after *skyr* is cod dried in the air. So soon as the fish is caught, it is split up, and, after being cleaned, is hung up to dry in cabins built for the purpose. When it has attained the state of dryness that renders it edible, it is so hard that it defies the best teeth; and, before eating, it has to be beaten. In front of every house there is a large stone with a flat surface, on which this operation is effected, with another stone. This beaten fish, covered with a thick layer of butter, is preferred by the Icelanders to the best bread.

The rivers of Iceland are also full of the most splendid trout, but they are completely neglected. Not long ago poor men starved, while the river that ran before their huts swarmed with food. At the present time Englishmen have hired the rivers, and export the trout in large quantities. The Eyder duck also breeds in various parts of Iceland; and, as there is a heavy fine against shooting one of them, the birds are quite tame, and do not even quit their nests when you walk among them. A few grouse are shot in winter, when they come near enough to the houses, and are sent to Copenhagen; but the wild duck and woodcock are left at peace. On some parts of the coast the seals are placed under the protection

of the law, the young being caught in traps during spring; and the oil they produce forms a considerable article of trade. Lastly, we may mention the collection of Iceland moss, which is also exported.

As there is only one artisan on the island, and he is a saddler, the farmers must necessarily be jacks-of-all-trades, and they have but little idle time on their hands. Still, they are remarkably attentive to their guests, and, as a rule, hospitable, although the affluence of strangers is producing a marked change. In Iceland, attention is paid to the guest up to the moment when he gets into bed. He is also helped in taking off his clothes, and the Professor had been told, before beginning his trip, that this office was left to the daughters. This, however, he found incorrect, for wherever anybody attended to him it was sure to be a man or old woman. If the number of boot-jacks offered a gauge of the civilization of a country, Iceland must stand very low in the scale. During the whole tour our friend only saw one, and it was decidedly a nuisance to have to pull off long riding-boots without the aid of that useful adjunct. To English tourists troubled by this we commend a plan still in vogue in remote parts of Germany. You sit down and elevate your foot; Boots, with his back turned to you, gets astride your leg in a stooping posture, and you kick him violently with the other toe till the boot comes off,—*probatum est*. It is gratifying to learn that the Icelanders, through their contact with travellers, are becoming cleaner in their habits, though, now and then, in their zeal, they make matters worse instead of better. For instance:—

A clergyman in Westland, whose guest I had been, escorted me on my departure. In spite of the most unpleasant weather, he rode for an hour with me. When the time for parting arrived, we dismounted, and the clerical gentleman produced the two articles which keep the Icelanders erect in the most desperate moments, his snuff-box and brandy-flask. First came the turn of the mull; with his back to the wind, to keep the snuff from being blown away, he poured a lot upon my hand and his. The snuff was followed by the dram-flask, and a hearty pull at that dispersed the last shadow of seriousness on his inflamed face. When about to hand the vessel to me, the thought suddenly occurred to him that it ought not to pass from his lips to mine without being first wiped. But this idea produced one embarrassment after the other. First, he pulled out his handkerchief, but at the moment of using it it occurred to him that this article was not remarkable for its cleanliness, and the same was the case with waistcoat, trousers and cloak, so that he was compelled to use the handkerchief after all.

Snuff is greatly used in Iceland, especially by women, and they carry it in a contrivance resembling a moderately sized powder-horn. In-doors, they spread the snuff on the back of the hand and slowly inhale it; but when riding, they throw their heads back and thrust the end of the horn into each nostril in turn. A way of cleansing plates peculiar to Iceland is having them licked by the dogs. At Skalholt, this brought the Professor into a dilemma; a splendid trout smoked on the board, but the plates bore the too plain marks of the passage of the dog's tongue which he had seen engaged on them a few moments previously. Hunger gained the victory over disgust.

As a general rule, the Professor found the Iceland farmers good-humoured and simple. When you stop at the door of a house you must not enter, however, till one of the inmates has come out to greet you. Of the educated classes the author gives a quaint account:—

Among these, generally represented by the clergy, you notice a strange mixture of civilization and what would be regarded as coarse habits else-

where. Thus, I spent the day with a venerable pastor, from whose button-hole the cross of the Danebrog hung by a red and white ribbon. He was well versed in German literature, and every now and then wove passages from the Latin classics into his conversation. At the same time, though, the absence of a handkerchief entailed a well-known manipulation with the fingers; and the brown juice of his quid constantly streamed out of his mouth. At another pastor's house where I spent the night, a bed was made up for me in the gentleman's study, in which some French lady's bonnets were hung up. Just as I got out of bed in the morning, the Frau Pfarrerin walked in. I naturally thought she would retire on seeing a man in the deepest *négligé*, but, nothing of the sort. She gently shut the door, as if no one was in the room, and quietly knelt down to search in a drawer.

Our Professor protests against the notion that a tour through Iceland is cheap. Each traveller must have six horses: two for himself, two for the guide and two for the baggage. You are obliged to pay for your lodging and food, and more expensively than at a German hotel, for it is given in the name of hospitality. The general rule is to make a present to the children; but the Professor frequently asked what he had to pay, and was charged more than he expected. He calculates that the simplest mode of travelling entails an expense of 15s. a day. Although, as a rule, people expect to be paid, there are exceptions:—

In the Westland I had occasion to enter a valley, and a peasant I found making hay accompanied me as guide. On our return we passed his farm, and on parting I gave him a piece of money for his trouble. The man turned pale, and regarded me with such a melancholy expression, that I fancied I had given him too little. Gradually, however, he regained his tongue, and asked how I could think him capable of taking money from a man who had come so far, and for such an object. He was so affected that my only way of appeasing him was by insisting on his taking the money as a recompense for his loss of time.

The farmer only consented when Prof. Winkler agreed to drink coffee with him. On the other hand, the clergy, who are the general travellers' friends, appear to have taken lessons from Mine Host of the Raven, at Zurich,—that bird with a long bill. The fact is, that the Icelanders went to the school of the Danish traders, and were attentive students; for they boast that they are quite equal to their masters as regards cunning in money matters.

Among the Icelanders a lively national pride is universally found. They like to speak of themselves as a nation, though the European finds a difficulty in giving that title to a people of 60,000 shepherds and fishermen. To this pride they join the deepest love for their home; they never emigrate, though, curiously enough, a Mormon priest a few years back induced a Westland farmer to leave the island with a band of girls. As there are no schools, the duty of educating the children falls on the parents, the clergy exercising a control. This duty is excellently performed, and there is certainly nobody in the land who cannot read and write. The Icelanders are faithful followers of the Evangelic Lutheran Church; and the French missionaries will hardly succeed in perverting one of them, for they seem to have no inclination to manifest piety by external symbols. Still the clerical class is the only one addressed by the title of "Siera," or Sir. With these exceptions, no distinctions are kept up.

We will not visit the Geysers with our Professor, or accompany him to Hekla (which, by the way, he did not ascend), for it would be a twice-told tale. Our object has been to supply some idea of the social condition of the Icelanders; but to those of our readers who wish

to know more of the island itself, we can honestly recommend the work under notice, as giving an exhaustive account of a most interesting country and people.

*The Story of King Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table.* Compiled and arranged by J. T. K. (Griffith & Farran.)

In the twelfth century, William of Malmesbury, the painstaking historian, dedicated his noble work to Robert Consul, the natural son of Henry the First, and the first Earl of Gloucester. Camden says of this Robert, who died in 1147, at the early age of thirty-eight years, that "he was the only worthy of his age in England." The historian and the noble stand about half-way between the period of King Arthur, the sixth century, and that in which we live. By aid of the literary monk writing for the information of the intellectual Earl, we are enabled to learn what was thought of Arthur and his history, six hundred years after the hero's death. "It is of this Arthur," he says, "the Britons fondly tell so many fables, even to the present day; a man worthy to be celebrated, not by idle fictions, but by authentic history. He long upheld the sinking state, and roused the broken spirit of his countrymen to war." The writer believed in the man and in his deeds, lamenting only the admixture of these with fables, invented by the very excess of popular love and admiration. Of the reality of the patriotic chief he entertained no doubt. When recording the discovery of the grave of Walwin, the nephew of Arthur, in the time of King William, the writer adds,—"He deservedly shared with his uncle the praise of retarding, for many years, the calamity of his falling country." Thus, at the end of six centuries the intelligent and inquiring minds of the nation had faith in the being and the doing of Arthur; and when more than six more have passed away, and fiction has dislodged a brilliant amount of fact, we find a competent authority such as Dr. Giles, who has thoroughly inquired into the subject, censuring the indiscretion of admirers, who by exaggerations have marred the honest fame of a patriotic prince; but denying entirely that because of the existence of the myth we are authorized to deny that of the man.

The very myth itself is, in some cases, warrant for the being of the man. Fable informs us of the conquests of Arthur, not merely in England, over the invading Saxons, but in Scotland and Ireland, in Norway and in Gaul, and of his triumph and his crowning in Rome itself, whence he returned home, to quell treason; in combating with the authors of which he lost his life. Now, it is certain that wherever fable carries him, fame perpetuates his name. He has seats and hills and towers called after him in various parts of these islands. In Brittany, his title is preserved in popular songs, as it is indeed, in Germany, in popular tales; in Italy, "Arturo" is not yet forgotten, though Orlando is the heir of much of his renown; and in the North, ballads of the Great King contrive to cherish his reputation. There must have been some foundation for this universality of fame; and for the latter reason we may accept the declaration that Arthur lived, though the life and the alleged acts cannot be reconciled by proof. Out of the dark periods his name has arisen, surrounded by a marvellous brightness and consecrated by an abiding love. If we believe, as there is reason for believing, that Vortigern invited the Saxons hither, in the latter half of the fifth century, there is no good reason for disbelieving that they were terribly harassed by Arthur, in the



first half of the sixth century. Nennius may be accounted as, at least, the transmitter of good evidence in this respect. It is not necessary to look for testimony of Arthur's passage in other countries, where perhaps his renown alone, and not his person, passed. Black Hugh was about to slay King Diarmuid, when Arthur is said to have conquered Ireland; in Scotland, he had small grounds for interference, seeing that the Third Eugenius reigned there, of whom it was remarked that none excelled him in justice. In Norway, he may, or may not, have appeared, for conjecture itself is vain on that point; and there is no "history" even, properly so called, till the infant Olaf Shotkonung reigned, above five centuries after Arthur was laid in his unrecognizable grave. When our hero carried his enchanted sword into Gaul, the four sons of Clovis were struggling for the sole inheritance of their father; and when the same form of romance conveys the same hero to Rome, Totila was burning and pillaging amid the very wreck of the Western Empire, and nobles and ladies were begging their bread at the doors of the Goths. In the very Popedom there was dire confusion also; for Vigilius must have been, about that time, striving against his adversaries, and enduring banishment which was easier to bear than the anxieties succeeding his restoration. Altogether, it will have been seen that the world was in such confusion, bards and minstrels may have sent any favourite hero anywhere, and settled on him any amount of impossible deeds,—there was no writer to examine and confute them. The favourite hero was this son of Uther Pendragon, and they rewarded him for his patriotism at home by making him the conqueror and liberator of the world at large.

Some writers, who deny the existence of the Great King altogether, take his story as a series of symbols and allegories. Gryphus is at the head of those writers who affect to recognize in Arthur a personification of the Sun, and discover in his Round Table and its Twelve Paladins, a poetized figuring of the Zodiac and its twelve signs. That the romance connected with his name is in many parts an allegory, may be easily conceived. The young boy, watched over by Merlin, shadowed forth a training by wisdom; and when the youthful but unknown heir proved his right to the crown of Britain, by drawing from the block of stone in which it was imbedded, the sword at which ambitious and full-grown men tugged in vain, we have a picture of the combined triumph of purity, innocence and right. The invincible sword Excaliber, given him by the Lady of the Lake, is the guerdon of beauty to animate youthful valour; but when Arthur, hotly pressed in the fight at Badon Hill, kneels, red as the rising sun from spur to plume, kisses the cross on the hilt of the sword, and then sweeps in bloody victory through a thousand foes, the lesson implied is, that the thought of worldly beauty will not inspire, nor an arm of flesh accomplish conquest, but that reliance must be had upon the Power which can award the glorious issue of battle to the weaker side. The trusting on strength derived from ladies is often censured throughout the volume. Sir Balin, by relying on the strength thus improperly derived, came to grief, and struck that famous "dolorous blow," whereat a castle fell into ruins, and the Sangreal, or "most holy cup, wherefrom the wine was drunk at the Last Supper of our Lord, disappeared therewith." Thereby were candidates for chivalric distinction warned of the ruin, bodily and spiritually, that would follow too much devotion to the fair sex, particularly when the latter were no better than they should be, a condition

which distinguishes several in this romantic record of knighthood, its perils and its duties. Again, when Pallinore administers that terrible drubbing to Arthur, the latter acknowledges his defeat with such frankness, and does justice to his vanquisher with such alacrity, that we see therein the duty and dignity of fair dealing with the most obstinate of enemies.

We have said that among the most significant lessons conveyed in this romance, is the one which teaches man to be particularly on his guard with respect to the ladies. The utter weakness of the wisest, who can administer caution to others and are unable to exercise it themselves, is illustrated in the story of Merlin, who warned Arthur against espousing that fair piece of mischief Queen Guinevere, and yet became such a Sir Amorous Feeble to be toyed with, tricked, cajoled out of his secrets, and permanently ruined by that pert and pretty hussy Vivien. This is a fine apologue for all old lions in love; and the age of the apologue shows at how early a period the old and doting lion was apt to make an ass of himself. It is in his love affairs that the heroic Arthur was the least of a hero. A pretty face and a bright pair of eyes took his mind prisoner. See the consequences of his not caring for blamelessness of reputation on the part of his bride, and of his carelessness in exposing her, in his absence, to the seductive story-tellings and pleasant pastimes of that wicked Sir Lancelot! Such mischief came of it as only a dozen Sir Cresswell Cresswells in the courts of chivalry could have dealt with. The anonymous romancer makes but an unbecoming conclusion to this story of illicit love and marital negligence. When Arthur returns home, to find his wife eloped, and to hear of the facile Sir Lancelot making oath in support of her truth and her purity, some sharp words ensue; but Sir Lancelot, sorry for his misdeeds or weary of his mistress, whom he had rescued from the stake to which she had been condemned, undertakes to restore her in a week! At the end of that time the seducer brings her to her lord, who receives her sitting on his throne; and Lancelot leaves her in that good company with the cheerful and encouraging remark,—Not to fear; to have the kindness to pray for him; and "if ye ever," he adds, "be defamed of any, let me hear thereof; and as I have been ever thy true knight in right and wrong, so will I be again"! A pleasanter observation, in the presence of the deluded husband, can hardly be imagined. Arthur here loses all dignity, according to our ideas, for he gives his hand to Sir Lancelot to kiss, and bursts into tears as his false friend turns his face homeward!

The womanly character is certainly not elevated in this chivalrous romance. Even Elaine, the lady of Astolat, is a forward minx, who is not ashamed to inform Lancelot that she desires to marry him, and that she will be exceedingly ill, and perhaps die, if he does not become her husband. Guinevere herself is a poor sample of what even repentant wives should be; for though she retires to the convent at Ambresbury, it is not very clear if duty, or the want of it, to her afflicted and easily-forgiving lord, impels her. As for Lancelot, when he hears of this final step, he turns hermit, and is just the sort of man to have hired a ready-furnished cell adjoining the Queen's convent in Wiltshire.

The poet has soared far above the romancer, and, by his narrative of the last scene between Guinevere and Arthur, has touched the hearts and opened the fountains of tears in the bosoms of thousands. A misty halo of dignity, grandeur, grace, majesty, enwraps the royal hero of the Idylls as he departs from the sinning

wife whom he forgives—not like a husband in Wycherly's comedies, but as an angel might. In the romance, he sallies forth to his last battle; and when his wounded body is borne by water to the Vale of Avilon, there is a feeling—whatever may have been the merits of the real man—that we are very much relieved by this departure of the hero of the romance.

Chivalry could have had little in it that made men great or kept women pure, if, in spite of the implied instruction, they were not superior to the boasting, swaggering, lying and intriguing knights, and the rather impudent and inconsistent women of this old romance—which has been very well abridged and adapted for modern readers, in the handsome volume before us. It would seem, however, as if chivalry could yield little that is for our edification. Tennyson has touched it to the most delicate refinement of which it is susceptible. Coleridge, as we fancy, attempted to do so in his fragmentary poem of 'Christabel.' But what does that tale of chivalry teach? That a young lady, with a latch-key in her pocket, who wanders about alone at night, and takes home to sleep with her the first houseless girl she encounters, is likely to pay dearly for her freak, and to bring a world of trouble both upon herself and upon that very respectable gentleman, her father!

## NEW NOVELS.

*White and Black: a Story of the Southern States.* 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

ENGLAND has pretty well recorded her views upon slavery. There are various ways of testing a man's practical faith in his own opinions. No belief can get itself established until it has had martyrs who have dared to die for it:—people have ventured to suffer shame, ignominy and "the loss of all things" sooner than depart from what they believe to be right. Short of these extreme testimonies, but still a tolerably sharp practical test of a man's sincerity in his profession of faith, is his willingness to pay down an inconveniently large sum of ready money for it. Men may sign bills as they run up bills, without realizing the fact; but to pay ready money is a dead lift out of a man's pocket, about which there is no charming illusion, except in those old-fashioned plays, where Mr. T. P. Cooke, as a sailor on shore, representing the old British Navy, used to take out a long purse, stuffed at each end with *soldisant* Bank notes and guineas, and hand it, with an inimitable heartiness, saying, "Here, messmate, take this: it is prize-money taken by the Timbuctoo!" and his virtue was enthusiastically rewarded by the whole house. But when it comes to paying the conscience-money to a gruff, stoney-visaged tax-collector, who never says or feels a "thank you kindly":—then paying for a principle sustains a tolerably strong test for everyday wear and tear. Now, England has done this, and more than this, to express her detestation and abhorrence of slavery; and England, more than any other nation, has that quality which jockeys call "stay" in a horse, and without which no generous enthusiasm is worth more than a flash in the pan,—good to kindle, but worthless for warmth. Now, what England has done once she can hold on by in all its consequences, without weariness or fickleness. The hatred of slavery by Englishmen is a thing said and done and settled. We have no more enthusiasm to bestow upon it: all that goes now to feed our persistence in our opposition to it. We do not talk about it,—we do not discuss it;—but we continue to pay taxes to suppress it wherever we find it. Whilst doing this like Britons,

we must enter an emphatic protest against being bored with it in our novels and books of amusement. Exquisite white heroines, who somehow turn out to be black in the course of the story, and so can legally be treated as if they were tables or chairs, or dogs or horses, are to be pitied, and we do pity them, and we have pitied them accordingly; but when, under the pretence of amusing us, we are presented with three volumes full of abolition speeches and details of all that a delicately-nurtured and highly-educated young lady must feel, who, having been brought up as an heiress and in ignorance that she has Negro blood in her veins, and whose father is a furious brute, who, to revenge himself on an Abolitionist, "sells his daughter down South,"—or to have details of all the domestic misery, jealousy and cruelty which the female Quadroon slaves bring to the lawful wives, may be all very true; but it is a great bore to listen to a sermon on doctrines we have lived by, and accepted absolutely, for years. "Prêcher un converti" is the deadliest infliction that human ingenuity can devise, short of bodily torment.

'White and Black' is a good, sensible novel of the kind; the arguments and illustrations are all of our own persuasion. Irene is a heroine who is very troublesome to her friends, and who might have kept out of all the adversities and dangers which befell her, if in the beginning she had listened to advice and used some common sense; but as she was predestined by the author to point his moral and adorn his arguments, of course she could not help it. She was born to ill luck. We confess to feeling great sympathy with Chauncy Burgoyne, the fine, high-spirited planter, who becomes converted to Abolitionist views, and loses his life in their defence. The story is as well done as a story of the kind can be; but we protest against being dragged through details of the evils of slavery, from brutal floggings to more brutal love. Besides which, our sympathy for Irene is entirely destroyed by the last page in the book, which casts a doubt on her ever having been good for anything: "It may be that death has already removed the bonds of the young American girl; it may be that she still lives degraded, broken-hearted." We can only feel that if she could "live degraded" after all she had known and felt, and the sacrifices of noble lives that had been made for her, she deserved her fate. The Slave-question is avenging itself fearfully, at this moment, in America. The half-hearted North is trying "to go two ways" at once in regard to slavery; it wants all the credit of repudiation, and all the convenience of cotton-growing slaves freed by others. It degrades men of colour, and makes their condition, to the utmost generation, that of pariahs; pretends to afford them liberty, whilst it insults them as human beings. Has the North dared to accept its own principles and act on them? Has it dared even to fight for its belief in the right of slaves to freedom? and fighting for a point is the very easiest and most primitive form of faith. In conclusion, we beg to enter our own protest against anti-slavery literature. The perverseness of human nature is great, and a few more books like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'White and Black' would go far towards turning the current in favour of the masters, instead of the slaves.

*The Seven Sons of Mammon: a Story.* By George Augustus Sala. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

*Norman Sinclair.* By W. Edmonstone Aytoun, D.C.L. 3 vols. (Blackwood & Sons.)

The above are both reprints, Mr. Sala's novel having appeared in the *Temple Bar* and 'Nor-

man Sinclair' in the pages of *Blackwood*. They are both very good in their way, although their ways are as opposite as can be imagined. 'The Seven Sons of Mammon' is a most exciting spirited romance: all the characters, all the incidents, all the accessories, taken separately, are graphic and life-like sketches, yet the story, as a whole, is as much like real life as a display of fireworks is like daylight. It is very clever, very spirited, full of "go"; no reader will leave off until he reaches the end. The mysteries and complications are inscrutable up to the last page; and yet they are so gently and firmly wound up that no reader who is reasonable can be dissatisfied. It is true that everything is not explained at full length; but enough is indicated to be sufficient: indeed, we have never seen a winding up of a complicated web of incidents so artistically and satisfactorily managed. Mr. Sala has had patience to the end,—there is nothing huddled, nothing slovenly,—the end is worked as carefully as the beginning. The picture of Sir Jasper Goldthorpe and his wife after their misfortunes is admirably painted and true to nature. Nearly all the people in the book are somehow or other *aux prises* with justice; but there are subtle redeeming traits introduced, which link them to our sympathy, without spoiling their rascality, which would have been a pity. As to Florence Armytage, there was some one who answered very much to her description tried at the last Cour d'Assises; and at the time it struck us she might be the person we were reading about as Florence Armytage; but there is a class, and Florence Armytage is only a specimen brick. The reader is more inclined to be sorry for her, than to rejoice when she comes to her "agony." 'The Seven Sons of Mammon' proves that Mr. Sala is capable of a sustained effort, and we recognize his claims accordingly.

'Norman Sinclair' is a compact and thoroughly careful work; it is well written, and it is a vehicle for working the author's own thoughts and opinions rather than a work of fiction. It might all have happened,—perhaps it is a life that is now actually going on. No fault can be found with it. The reader lays it down with a feeling of respect for the author; but he also feels that he has been reading a very sensible book. He may or may not sympathize with the politics; but that will make no difference to his great respect: only from first to last he will never believe that he has been reading a work of light literature, or that the author had the remotest intention to amuse him. That point once conceded, the reader will have no complaint.

*The Law of Nations considered as Independent Political Communities. On the Rights and Duties of Nations in Time of Peace.* By Travers Twiss, D.C.L. (Oxford, University Press; London, Longman & Co.)

No division of legal or historical science suggests more frequently than International Law, the analogy subsisting between individuals and states,—between the rules which regulate the dealings of private persons and those which govern the intercourse of independent communities. Indeed, of the various forms of profitable amusement in which an intelligent student will find his reward for perusing Dr. Twiss's treatise, the principal will be that of detecting and surveying these numerous points of comparison. Even as men are but children of larger growth, nations are but men of greater capabilities and nobler proportions; and in their history we see on a magnificent scale the same sequences of cause and effect that rouse

our interest in the petty dramas of private affairs. In the absence of any principles in Feudal or Ecclesiastical Law, out of which a system of International Law might be constructed, Grotius sought inspiration and guidance in the State-system to which the early jurisprudence of Rome had given sanction. Taking a retrospect beyond the total disorganization of national relations, consequent on the Reformation and the religious alliances of the Thirty Years' War, and beyond the uncertain darkness of the Feudal epoch, he fell back on Cicero's definition of a state as "cœtus multitudinis juris consensu et utilitatis communione sociatus." It is true that Cicero's treatise, lost to Europe from the close of the twelfth century, was not before Grotius; but the 'De Civitate Dei' of St. Augustine had preserved to the jurists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the words placed by the Roman jurisconsult in the lips of Scipio Africanus,—words that might otherwise have remained without effect until the fragments of the Vatican Palimpsest were deciphered in the earlier part of the present century. The phrase accurately transmitted by St. Augustine was developed by Grotius, who defined a state to be "cœtus perfectus liberorum hominum juris fruenti et communis utilitatis causâ sociatus," the introduction of the word "perfectus" being probably due to Aristotelian influence, and the substitution of "liberorum hominum" for "multitudinis," pointing to that freedom of the individual man which, as Dr. Twiss expresses it, is "the keystone of the arch upon which the whole system of Grotius rests." Thus constituted, nations were invited by the jurists to act upon certain recognized principles and adopt certain particular rules in conducting their mutual intercourse. The same motives animated Grotius, Puffendorf and Christian de Wolff which, in 1815, inspired the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia to enter into the famous personal league known as the Holy Alliance. It became manifest to the different independent powers of Christendom that they formed in the aggregate a family whose interests would be greatly advanced by their living as far as possible on a friendly footing with each other, and that such amicable relations could not by any possibility be maintained unless they as free nations would frame and uphold a body of laws by which to guide and arrange affairs of international concern. It only remained therefore to set out the general principles to be observed on all questions, and to prescribe the line of action to be adhered to in particular cases. To arrive at conclusions on these points, the jurists made immediate reference to those primary rules of equity which in the conduct of individuals amongst themselves had obtained the force of ancient respect and usage. Hence arose the practice of attributing personality to nations, and discussing points of international dispute as though the parties concerned were persons. "A civil state," says Puffendorf, "is a compound moral person, whose will being united and tied together by those covenants which before passed amongst the multitude, is deemed the will of all, to the end that it may use and apply the strength and riches of private persons towards maintaining the common peace and security." In the same way, Vattel forms a metaphysical conception of the being of a state, when he says, "such a society has its affairs and its interests; it deliberates and takes resolutions in common: thus becoming a moral person, which possesses an understanding and a will peculiar to itself, and is susceptible of obligations and rights."

International Law stands in the same rela-



tion to nations that moral philosophy holds to independent persons. The object of all its provisions is the welfare of the entire family of nations; and as it was with a simple reference to this object that the provisions were in the first instance ordained, so also by a similar reference they can only be at the present day defended. The Natural Law of Nations divides itself into Natural or Necessary Law and Positive or Instituted Law; the analogy between the two divisions of International Law on the one hand, and the two grand divisions of Moral Law on the other, being pointed by the modes in which nations, under strong temptation and with adequate opportunity, set aside the restrictions of the former code, just as individuals, under similar circumstances, disregard the prohibitions of the latter. It is from the tendency of powerful states to break the laws of International Morality, and the consequent opposition on the part of rival communities, that we obtain those strongest expressions of personality, and those most marked exhibitions of feeling which give individuality to the policy and career of nations. Hence comes the long struggle of independent powers, reproducing on the great arena of civilized countries the jealousies and combinations of domestic strife, and after centuries of conflict and defeat and re-arrangement and fresh dissatisfaction, presenting us with the various incidents and modifications of international life, which are found amongst the state-systems of Europe.

The chapters of Dr. Twiss's volume which are richest in the results of personal investigation, and will consequently best repay the attention of the general reader, are those on "The Incidents and Modifications of International Life," and "The National State-Systems of Christendom." The chapters on the "Right of Legation" and the "Right of Treaty" contain also much that will induce readers, for whom treatises on Law have, under ordinary circumstances, few attractions, to peruse a work, the erudition and power of which will add to its writer's high and well-earned reputation.

*Rambles in Western Cornwall, by the Footsteps of the Giants.* By J. O. Halliwell. (J. R. Smith.)

Mr. Halliwell writes under the disadvantage of having had the most picturesque and popularly interesting materials for his subject already dealt with by Mr. Blyth. He confines himself to the strictly archaeological aspect of the county. In Cornwall still linger many ancient superstitions and heathenish practices. The natives still believe in the deeds of giants, show their footsteps in the rock, and boast the strength which cast many a granite boulder, tons in weight, from one rocky promontory to another. Not far from Lanyon is a perforated stone, through which Mr. Halliwell's guide, a boy, had been pulled, "to cure some complaint." Crippled and maimed children are still brought to the Well of St. Euny, stripped, made to drop a pin into it, and then immersed three times. The whole land is full of stories of the giants, from great Gogmagog to "the fable of Bellorus old." In Queen Elizabeth's time, at Plymouth, the figures of Corineus and Gogmagog, wrestling, were cut in the turf and annually renewed, somewhat after the fashion of the "Scouring of the White Horse." Full of fun these old monsters are reputed to have been before the arrival of Brutus, their destroyer; they played at quoits, ate deer, wild boar, and drank water, like sober fellows as they were; they were happy as flowers in May;

they chatted and frolicked and laughed so loudly that fissures opened in the cliffs, and toppling rocks fell with the vibration of their roars. A fine, jovial old race this was, rendered sulky by persecution in the after-time.

A relic of the worship of the Sun, derived from the Phœnicians it may be, still keeps in practice at Penzance, where, on the eve of St. John, the people hold a sort of fire-dance, waving wildly burning torches round their heads, welcoming the Solstice with fire and shouts and laughter. If the custom be rightly derived from this source, we have that which is older by many a century than King Arthur himself, whose fame, by the way, does not seem widely diffused in Western Cornwall, for our author's account mentions him but once, and that in reference to a circumstance now ninety years old, when, at Marazion, an old native gravely rebuked a person for aiming at a raven with his gun, "telling him that he ought on no account to have shot at a raven, for that King Arthur was still alive in the form of that bird.—This seems," says Mr. Halliwell, "to be a curious relic of the Druidic belief in the transmigration of souls." The land of Cornwall—the Lyonesse, with which King Arthur was most concerned—lay more to the north-east than that district examined by Mr. Halliwell; moreover, it has been long ago lost by encroachments of the sea. Cornwall is strewn all over with the remains of works performed by some early race—cromlechs, cairns and kistvaens. An incident illustrating the early condition of the first class of erections occurred in 1790, when a landowner in the neighbourhood of Lanyon, taking shelter from rain behind a bank of earth, observed it to be of a very rich quality. Sending men to remove the mass—which they did to the extent of nearly a hundred cartloads—he discovered the supporters of a cromlech from which the covering-stone had slipped off. That these remains were originally thus buried under tumuli, is affirmed by this and other discoveries. Under the cromlech was found a broken urn, with ashes and human bones. "It is a singular fact," says Mr. Halliwell, "that the idea of the circular stone-inclosed barrow has dwelt in the minds of Cornishmen even up to the present day. In the churchyard at Sennen I was surprised to notice the flat top of a modern grave, which was circularly formed and edged with small stones. This is a nearer approach to the stony tumulus than is the rectangular altar-tomb to the ancient cromlech."

Mr. Halliwell says, and with good reason, that we must be careful not to assign, without good evidence, a high antiquity to the circular inclosures called Druidical Circles of the district he traversed. It does not seem impossible that some of them may be the remains of rustic habitations of a comparatively recent date. The ancient amphitheatre at St. Just, wherein was performed the ancient mystery or miracle plays of the kind peculiar to Cornwall, which were acted, one at a time, for several days together, is described as exhibiting faint traces of a circular spot in the centre, "in which, perhaps, the prompter was located, and whence the actors issued to perform in the wide concentric space around it, a conjecture which appears to be supported by diagrams in the Bodleian MS. of the Cornish mysteries." This construction is in a sad state of neglect, being apparently used as the common dusthole of the town. Borlase described it as exhibiting stone benches. It was an exact circle of 120 feet in diameter; the perpendicular height of the bank, in his time, 7 feet from the area within, from the bottom of the ditch without

10 feet, formerly more. The seats consist of six, 14 inches wide, 1 foot high, with one on the top of all, where the rampart is 7 feet wide.

Ample justice is done to the county historian just named, whose book is, indeed, one of the best of the old topographical histories. He was of a good Cornish family. Nicholas Borlase, of Treludra, colonel of horse against the Parliament, after the defeat of the cause of Charles, was refused to be admitted to composition and kept out of the greater part of his splendid estate till the restoration of the monarchy. He seems to have been a shifty personage, for there is a tale told here, of how, being within an ace of starving, he practised a stratagem upon the Protector by getting into his seat one Sunday under a pretended mistake for another, shifting to get out of it when Oliver entered. The latter said, "No, no, cousin Borlase, I am glad to see you here" (for he was a professed papist), and kept him with him during the sermon, and withal, smelling a joke, promised his assistance on his preferring a petition for a maintenance, which he accordingly performed. He appears to have been still more shifty in the following case. "One day he layd the Protector in St. James's Park to solicit his signature to a recommendation of his humble self to certain persons in power. Oliver told him he had no pen and ink. These Mr. Borlase produced on the spot. 'But I have no desk here, or any conveniency to write upon,' says the Protector. 'Write upon my back, then, please you, Sir,' says Mr. Borlase. The petition was granted." Borlase, the historian, is shown to have been most egregiously imposed upon by the famous Dolly Pentreath, believed to have been the last depository of the ancient Cornish tongue, when she reported herself to him of an age which made her at death to have lived 102 years. "Dorothy, the daughter of Nicolas Pentreath, of this parish, was baptized May 17th, 1714," says the baptismal register of Paul, first unearthed by Mr. Halliwell to the confusion of Dolly's reputation, showing she had not attained her sixty-fourth birthday on dying in December 1777. If this discovery be conclusive, and Mr. Halliwell has not erred in his examination of the register, this old woman deserves a place in the next collection of singular impostors' lives. more than doubt may be thrown upon her other claims to credit as the last possessor of the Cornish tongue,—a distinction which attracted crowds of folks to visit her, brought her little birthplace into note, and, no longer ago than 1860, got her a handsome monument in the churchyard of Paul. The poor old wretch when she lied so, little thought that she should not escape the odious baptismal register, but that 84 years after death she would be exposed.

The provincial dialect of the Cornish of the present day, Mr. Halliwell truly says, is hardly a dialect, but a singularly pure English; indeed, we know it to be much purer than that which is spoken around Oxford. The imitations that have been published recently as specimens thereof are, as the example quoted here makes abundantly evident, concocted by persons better acquainted with a Saxon than a Celtic provincialism. The example is good for nothing which shows how Aunt Betty, coming home from a Christmas party,

"had a ben too forthey en teeming out her licker, and p'raps were a little boozey, and she were found pon the sea-shore, laid down as ef she were to bed, and the waater were comed oop to her fece and flopping agen et, and she were a saying quite genteelly like,—'Nat a drap more, nat a drap more, thankee.'"

How pilchards absorbed the attention at the



fishery at Trereen Bay, during our author's visit, w.l. n. about 500,000 fish had been caught the day before, we may learn from the following:

"At St. Ives as many as 75,000,000 of pilchards have been captured in a single day; but here were enough to surprise any one unaccustomed to the spectacle,—the boats heavily laden with their silvery looking freight, the flasks drawn up from them by pulleys into a platform on a level with the fish-cellars, and, then, on a level with these cellars, to see the women salting and piling the fish in tiers of layers, waggon-loads of pilchards with salt, and cart-loads of pilchards without salt in every direction, men and women standing upon pilchards, flasketing pilchards, bartering for pilchards, talking of pilchards, quarrelling about pilchards, and, in short, doing everything that could be done with pilchards, excepting only frying and eating them. One gets infatuated with the overwhelming and absorbing single idea of pilchards, and, before long, you enter into the fun of the thing, and bargain for a hoghead to be delivered to you, cured and fit for winter consumption in about six weeks."

At the Land's End, Mr. Halliwell trod in the footsteps of Jack the Giant-killer. This local hero's fame is reported to be dying out at home, the chronicle thereof being no longer perused; nor do the Cornish fathers of men enjoy their recital. What substitute can they have, we should like to know? Grown up children have versions of the famous epic, varying from the best printed one. One story speaks of two giants living on the mount, and that they had a quarrel, whereupon one slew the other, the survivor being, no doubt, the illustrious Cormoran, who himself met his fate by the hand of great Jack. There was a woman in this case (for one of the giants had a family); hence, no doubt, the quarrel, the particulars whereof female nursery domination has meanly suppressed in those parts of England where the hero's fame is still honoured. The frail memories of those whom he delivered are less retentive than is the rock styled the "Armed Knight," for that, probably named after him, preserves his glory in men's mouths. To boil a celt, making what is styled a "boiled thunderbolt," as those antiquities are conceived to be, by way of cure for rheumatism, may seem an equivocal remedy; nor less equivocal is the reported wonderment of the old woman who, after keeping the weapon in the pot for a long time, found it did not boil away. Mr. Halliwell concludes his book, which will be very handy to the tourist, with an account of the Scilly Isles.

#### History of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.

By Browne H. E. Roberts, B.A. (Longman & Co.)

THE writer who a few years hence shall give us a complete and accurate history of the origin and growth of our British Colonies, aided by the new light thrown on the subject by the State Papers, which are at the present time being calendared by gentlemen peculiarly fitted for their task, will make a valuable contribution to literature, and secure to himself a permanent reputation. Mr. Browne H. E. Roberts is not, however, a person from whom we can look for the satisfactory accomplishment of such an undertaking. Anxious, to use his own words, for "the extension of useful knowledge generally in the community of his fellow men," he here presents his fellow men with a work that is deficient, ill written and full of errors. His knowledge of his subject is quite superficial, being gained from a few popular works of history which he has used with singular carelessness, neither reconciling the apparent nor avoiding the real contradictions of his

various authorities. Any attempt to trace the course to prosperity or decay of the plantations he cursorily notices is altogether beyond his scheme, which never aims at imparting information that cannot be obtained from the ordinary inaccurate topographical dictionaries. A very few words will show his style of workmanship. In the introductory chapter the reader is informed "Barbadoes was founded in 1624, and Bermuda in 1609; the Bahama Islands in 1672; Antigua, Montserrat and St. Christopher's in 1632." There was enough novelty in this brief announcement to induce us to look at his chapter more particularly devoted to the places thus mentioned. Referring to Chapter iv., on "Barbadoes, the Windward Islands and Trinidad," we read: "Barbadoes was discovered by the Portuguese about the year 1518, and received its peculiar name, signifying a long-bearded man, from a kind of fig-tree found there, from the branches of which hangs down a kind of hairy matter. The island was early drained of its native population by the Spaniards, who carried them off to work in the mines of Cuba, and in this deserted state became a prey for the first European power which thought it worth while to make use of it. This was England, by whose emissaries it was formally taken possession of in the reign of James the First, in 1605. It remained uncolonized, however, for some twenty years from that period, until, on the 17th of February 1625, forty English persons and seven or eight negroes were landed on its shores from a vessel by Sir William Cortruen, a London merchant." We leave it to Mr. Roberts to decide which of the dates, 1605, 1624, or 1625 he prefers for the foundation of the colony, but we cannot allow that the settlement was planted at all three. Referring to the notice of the "Bermuda Islands," we found the plantation of these islands shifted from 1609 to 1641, when a settlement was formed "by a brother of Sir George Somers, one of those who had been formerly wrecked on this shore." In the chapter on "The Bahama and Bermuda Archipelagos," instead of being again assured that the Bahamas were colonized in 1672, we learned "that the whole Bahama archipelago became ere long uninhabited, and remained in that condition until the year 1629, when New Providence was settled by the English, and continued to be held by them till 1641, when they were expelled in a very barbarous manner by the Spaniards. Our countrymen colonized the island again in 1666; but in 1703 they were once more driven away from it by a French and Spanish expedition. Again we say to Mr. Roberts, Choose your date. Were the Bahamas colonized in 1629, 1666 or 1672? In like manner the date of 1632, assigned in the introductory chapter to the plantation of St. Christopher's, is disposed of in the particular memoir of that island by the following passage:—"Some writers have claimed for St. Kitt's the honour of being the first territory in the West Indies colonized by Great Britain. The Spaniards certainly never took possession of the island, which is said to have been first settled in the year 1623, by Mr. Thomas Warner and fourteen other persons, who immediately set about the cultivation of tobacco there." The next paragraph informs the reader how the Spaniards, who never took possession of the island, "in the year 1629 asserted their right to the island of St. Kitt's," and took possession of it. The vagueness of this historian of the colonial empire of Great Britain is charming. Of the career of Mr. Thomas Warner (spoken of in various places as "a certain Sir Thomas Warner"), he is in a most amusing state of ignorance. We cannot stay to enlighten him thereon; but would suggest, that before put-

ting forth a second edition of this sample of "useful information," he should glance at the recently-published 'Calendar of State Papers,' where a *précis* is given of the Royal Commission, dated September 1625, which, after reciting "the discovery of St. Christopher's, Merwar's Hope, Nevis, Barbadoes and Montserrat, by Thomas Warner, who, set forth and supplied by Ralph Merrifield, hath also begun a plantation and colony of those islands, until then inhabited only by savages, and not under the government of any Christian state,"—and after taking the said islands and inhabitants under the royal protection, appoints Thomas Warner the King's Lieutenant of the said islands; and in case of Thomas Warner's decease, confers the said lieutenancy on Warner's comrade, John Jeaffreson, who, like Warner, was one of "the primitive planters of St. Kitt's." The blunders made by Mr. Roberts in the pages relating to the West Indies are a fair sample of his work. If Mr. Roberts again appears before the public as an author, he had better not do so as a disseminator of "useful information."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The History of Modern Music. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By John Hullah. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)—These Lectures are far above average merit, having been combined by one who possesses general cultivation as well as sufficient musical science. Thus they escape from that aridity and tameness which too often impair the interest of discourses on like subjects. The field is a wide one,—too wide, perhaps, to admit of more than outline work; hence, especially, in proportion as modern times are approached, omissions are to be noted,—such, for instance, as the forgetfulness of the merit of Weber, whose 'Der Freischütz' marked a period in the history of German opera, with as deep a point as ever was made by any new work in the world of music. There is some want of precision, too, in Mr. Hullah's appreciation of Handel, Bach, Gluck and Beethoven; arising, it appears, from incomplete acquaintance with their works, especially of the second and third named writers. The old Cantor of Leipzig is less soulless and adust than he is here represented. The great poet of 'Armida,' 'Alceste' and 'Orphée' had more science than he is here credited with—witness his admirable writing for the voice and the many points in his instrumentation, which Mozart had obviously studied closely. But it is easier to admire without limit, as Mr. Hullah admires Mozart, than to touch with an acute and discriminating finger on the special higher excellencies of an artist less universally perfect. More, too, should have been made of Beethoven, whose Mass in c is, we think, undervalued; and with many of whose latest works the Lecturer professes himself unfamiliar. But, laying together omissions and commissions, we find no reason to qualify the good opinion expressed of this work, as one containing much information, neatly arranged, and if not marked by any original thoughts or passages of rivetting eloquence, meritoriously clear of commonplace.

*Witch Stories.* Collected by Eliza Lynn Linton. (Chapman & Hall.)—A more ghastly Christmas book than this could not be imagined,—nor yet one more admirably calculated to keep readers awake at the hour when "churchyards yawn"—a strange task to muster this terrible squadron of cruel and revolting dreams for the Author of 'Realities.' The result is tiresome, because of its monotony. Betwixt cowardice on the one side and craziness on the other, there is only a plot of ground, narrow as a monastery garden, for any foot to tread threadbare. The tales are all one, like to the other. The yearning, ignorant creature, greedy to extort from life that which life can afford to no one, conceiving that by bribery and corruption, and a mad bartering of his future hopes, he might obtain a short reign of enjoyment or of

vengeance,—and finding in the moment of imaginary satisfaction the coveted fruit, a mere growth of Dead Sea apples, is in all of them prominent; and, of course, by the dupe stands, in the shadow, the knave. What makes such a book all the more sickening is the conviction that all our boasted advance in intelligence has, up to the time present, carried us only a short distance beyond the verge of that old world, in which fanatical credulity was rebuked by fanatical cruelty. The punishment of death, it is true, has ceased to be frequent. The Witch-finder, with his investigating needles and judicial thumbscrews, has gone the way of the Ketches. But the intense, morbid curiosity, the resolution to pry into all those mysterious relations of sense with spirit, which, ever and anon, elude precise inquiry (and may continue to do so until imperfect humanity shall be perfected) are neither dead nor asleep.

*Madame Récamier, with a Sketch of the History of Society in France.* By Madame M\*\*\*. (Chapman & Hall).—Madame M\*\*\* who professes to have been during many years an intimate guest in Madame Récamier's circle has been displeased by the biography of Madame Le Normant, with which the world had to deal not very long ago,—calls it a "*hortus siccus*," and has taken up her pen to set matters to rights as regards the sorceress of L'Abbaye aux Bois. We do not find in her rectification the power equal to the will. Madame M\*\*\* is not clear as a describer. She is bent on being subtle when tracing the character of a woman in whom charm, grace and gentleness were more prominent than force of understanding or brilliancy of wit; but if she be always sure of her own meaning, she does not always convey it to her public. There are few things which produce a more wearisome and blanking impression than attempted acuteness which is in reality pointlessness. We meet with the stories of Madame Récamier's love affairs recounted anew, but without any new matter in the telling. Then, the men are but faintly sketched with whom in the latter years of life she contracted deep and constant friendships. In brief, the absence of brightness and discrimination is to be felt in every page of the memoir. It is succinct, however; because we were at its close to be favoured with essays on the position of women in French society. Of this French Woman's question we have heard nearly enough; until a new Lady Morgan shall turn up who can throw the life and light of a quick genius on an exhausted subject, or unless such a graver observer as Mrs. Austin should some day allow the world to profit by her experiences of Continental literature and intercourse. Madame M\*\*\* is not so effective as the last English lady who took French Ladies in hand—we mean Miss Kavanagh, possibly because she is less initiated into the mysteries of literary composition.

*The Law of Bankruptcy, including the Law as to Private Arrangements between Debtors and Creditors, and as to the Release of Prisoners for Debt.* By W. A. Holdsworth, Esq., Barrister-at-Law (Routledge & Co.).—This little book is described by its author as an attempt to popularize the Law of Bankruptcy. A resort so popular as the Court of Bankruptcy has become, should have a cheap and readable guide-book. Law, Physics and Divinity already rush to benefit by the destruction of the monopoly so long enjoyed by the trading classes. Bankrupts and candidates for bankruptcy may gain a very fair idea of the law from this book. There is another class to whom the new law is a matter of interest. This class may be called the gaol-barnacles. To them the law is the enemy which would force them from their quiet retreat into the free debtor-and-creditor air of the world without. They boast of their long imprisonment as conferring dignity, as many a nobleman prides himself alone on long descent through discreditable ancestors. To any of the persons desirous of studying this branch of the law—bankrupts, aspirants to bankruptcy, or gaol-barnacles—this book is worth a shilling.

*Jerusalem: a Sketch of the City and Temple from the Earliest Times to the Siege by Titus.* By Thomas Lewin, Esq. (Longman & Co.).—Although Mr. Lewin has never seen Jerusalem, he writes

about its antiquities with the precision and fullness of one who had inhabited the Holy City in every period of its eventful history. In opposition to Robinson, Mr. Lewin argues that Sion was not the south-western hill; that the site of the Temple was not that now occupied by the Mosque of Omar; that the ancient tower, just south of the Jaffa Gate, was not Hippicus; and that the Damascus Gate was not in the second wall. It would be out of our way to trace Mr. Lewin in his reasoning, step by step, but we can testify that those who are interested in the archaeology of Jerusalem will find him a learned and cautious guide. That a lawyer, with many clients and much practice, should find time for, and pleasure in, such critical investigations is a creditable and significant fact.

*Ocean Sprays.* By Commander W. Igglesden. (Chatham, Taylor).—A sailor on horseback will give a lively image of this author on Pegasus, with his surplus energy and plenteousness of words. He is free as the breeze and boundless as the waves in his range of subjects. The great want of the verses is "salt," and in such a case we feel that to be out of keeping and character. We have no doubt that the writer is a Christianly good fellow and a thorough sailor, but he does not look at ease when aboard Pegasus.

*Rab and his Friends.* By John Brown, M.D. (Edmonston & Douglas).—Printed on fair pages, the clear type being set off by the white of the ample margin, well illustrated and bound in light, glazed boards, Dr. Brown's story of 'Rab and his Friends' (published in the '*Home Subsciver*') forms a pretty but somewhat too perishable ornament for the drawing-room table. As a delineator, Dr. Brown has much pathetic force, and under the guidance of his heart tells a sad story with admirable effect. His great failing is want of humour,—though, like so very many other Scotchmen labouring under the same deficiency, his chief ambition is to be esteemed a humorist. As a philosophical critic, the doctor is altogether beyond us. The following sentence we have read over six times with increasing perplexity:—"And though in all works of Art there should be a *plus* of delectation, the ultimate overcoming of evil and sorrow by good and joy,—the end of all Art being pleasure,—*whatsoever things are lovely first, and things that are true and of good report afterwards in their turn*,—still there is a pleasure, one of the strangest and strongest in our nature, in imaginative suffering with and for others,—

In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;

for sympathy is worth nothing, is indeed not itself, unless it has in it somewhat of personal pain." Does Dr. Brown mean that in works of Art evil and sorrow should be overcome through the agency of "*whatsoever things are lovely first, and things that are true and of good report afterwards in their turn*"? If such be his meaning, he ought at least to have helped his rambling involutions, in their task of stating a simple matter in an obscure manner, with an insertion of "by" before "*whatsoever*." The story itself has no ordinary merits. The Introduction, in which the author attempts at the same time to be funny and profound, is so awkward and in such bad taste that it will prevent many from reading on. As he approaches the heart of his tale, however, the narrator becomes simple, nervous and powerful. When the honest, time-worn village carrier takes his dead wife in his arms, wraps her in the same white blankets she made long years before for her bridal bed, bears her from the hospital (in which she has expired), puts her in his cart, and drives home over the cold, bleak, desolate moor,—the heart of the reader goes forth after the wretched man, and prays God to take him to his keeping. The saddest tale of human suffering, where the suffering is distinct for human sin, has in it an unspeakable sweetness; and Dr. Brown, who in depicting such sorrow can stir the depths of feeling with the power of a master artist, does a wrong to society when he exercises his ingenuity and pains his readers with attempting to be a humorist.

*Old Vauxhall: a Romance.* By W. H. Marshall, Esq. 3 vols. (Skeet).—This is a "*Romance*" made altogether of pasteboard, tinsel, torches, masks; libertine noblemen; Jacobin conspirators meeting in a cellar; heroes and heroines made out of dressed dolls, stuffed with bran; a few murders and encounters with sword and pistols; a mystery which enwraps the heroine like an impenetrable fog, and which, indeed, is never quite cleared up. But in spite of revenge, mystery, conspiracy and adventures, it is nothing but the play of a puppet-show—the marionettes not being particularly well made or appointed; whilst for the libretto and plot, the flat flavour of dish-water is all that can be discerned. Even "*making believe very much*," which the "*little Marchioness*" gave to Dick Swiveller as her receipt for making wine out of orange-peel and water, will not transform 'Old Vauxhall' into anything but a bandbox full of old rubbish.

Among our New Editions we have—from Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Miss Harriet Martineau's *Household Education*; and *Lavinia*, by the Author of '*Lorenzo Benoni*,'—from Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, Mr. Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log*,—from Mr. Bohn, Part VII. of Lowndes's *Bibliographical Manual*,—Mr. Johnson's *Extraordinary Adventures of the Seven Champions of Christendom* (Griffin, Bohn & Co.), and *How to Make the Best of It*, by Anne Bowman (Routledge).—We have Reprints, edition not specified, from Messrs. Groombridge, Mr. Hollingshead's *Underground London*,—from Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin*,—from Messrs. Longmans, the Rev. G. W. Cox's *Tale of the Great Persian War*, from the '*History of Herodotus*'; and *Church Expansion and Liturgical Revision*,—from Messrs. Bell & Daldy, their handy, well-edited, and well-printed pocket volumes of *Longfellow's Poems*, *Herbert's Poems and Works*, *Southey's Nelson*, *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*, *Milton's Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained*,—from Messrs. Black, Mr. Westgarth's *Australia*,—Messrs. Ward & Lock have added to their "*Shilling Volume Library*," Mr. Marston's *Family Credit*, Mr. Braddon's *Lady Lisle*, and M. Ullrich's *Which Wins—Love or Money?*—Mr. Coleman on *Spiritualism in America* (Pitman),—Mr. Street on *Some Account of the Church of St. Mary Stone, near Dartford* (J. R. Smith),—Mr. Kennedy's *Essays, Ethnological and Linguistic* (Williams & Norgate),—the Rev. W. H. Beecher's *Notes on Fields and Cattle* (Chapman and Hall),—Mr. Hopkins on *Peace or War? an Unbiased View of the American Crisis* (Diprose),—and *Choice Poems and Lyrics* (Whittaker).—Our Translations include—*Love the Greatest Enchantment*,—*The Sorceries of Sin: the Devotion of the Cross*, from the Spanish of Calderon, by D. F. MacCarthy (Longman),—*The Odyssey of Homer*, translated into English verse, in the Spenserian stanza, by P. S. Worsley (Blackwood),—*The Odyssey of Homer*, in English Hendecasyllable Verse, by the Rev. H. Alford (Longman),—*The Koran*, translated from the Arabic by the Rev. J. M. Rodwell (Williams & Norgate),—and *Solomon's Song*, translated and explained, by Mr. Withington (Boston, Tilton).—Our Second Editions include—Professor Owen's *Paleontology: or, a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals and their Geological Relations* (Black),—Mr. Archbold's *Law of Bankruptcy and Insolvency* (Simpkin),—Mr. Jervis's *Proposed Emendations of the Text of Shakespeare's Plays* (Longman),—*Narrative of a Remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley*; to which is added, *A Review of the Work*, by the late Rev. J. Hunter (J. R. Smith),—*Bradshaw's Invalid's Companion to the Continent*, by Dr. Lee (Adams),—and Dr. Benisch's *Travels of Rabbi Petachia* (Longman).—Our Third Editions—Mr. T. R. Jones's *General Outline of the Organization of the Animal Kingdom* (Van Voorst),—*The Monks of Kilerca, and other Ballads and Poems* (Bell & Daldy),—*The Book of Familiar Quotations* (Whittaker),—and *Poems by Fritz* (Kent).—Our Fifth Editions—Mr. Goldsmith's *Doctrine and Practice of Equity* (Butterworth),—and Mr. Farrar's *Eric; or, Little by Little* (Black).—We have, besides, a Tenth Edition of Dr. Maddock's *Diseases of the Chest* (Simpkin),—an Eleventh Edition of Cobbett's *French Grammar*, revised by J. P.



Cobbett (Griffin, Bohn & Co.),—and an Eighteenth Edition of Mr. E. Routledge's *Riddles and Jokes* (Routledge).

Among Miscellanies which require announcement are—*The Victoria Regia*, edited by Adelaide A. Procter (Emily Faithfull & Co.), put forth as a specimen of woman's printing, and a very admirable one it is,—Mr. Freneau's *Poems on Various Subjects* (J. R. Smith), illustrative of an American war which has now lost its chief interest, the dynasty of Washington being broken, and the political system which he founded dissolved,—*Franklin: a Poem* (Mann & Nephew), which has the merit of a good intention and the warmth arising from an affectionate heart,—Mr. G. Masson's *Class-Book of French Literature* (Black),—Volume VI. of the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw's *Posthumous Works* (Fullerton),—*The Footsteps of Shakespeare*; or, a *Ramble with the Early Dramatists* (J. R. Smith),—*Victorian Enigmas*, by Charlotte E. Capel (Lockwood),—*A Letter to Sir B. C. Brodie, in reply to his Letter in Fraser's Magazine*, by Dr. Sharp (Turner),—*Horace at the University of Athens* (Palmer),—*The Wreck of the Homecard-Bound*; or, *the Boat of Mercy*, by N. Michell (Tegg),—Parts I. to III. of Mr. Jones's *One Hundred Lectures on Ancient and Modern Drama and Dramatic Poets* (Lacy),—*Seasoning for a Seasoner*, by Mr. Stevens (Trübner),—Volumes I. to III. of Chambers's *Encyclopædia* (Chambers),—Mr. Kerridge's *Eden, and Other Poems* (Buck),—*Handbook for Emergencies* (Cassell),—*A Literal Extension of the Text of Domesday-Book, in relation to the County of Cornwall* (Vacher),—*Riddles in Rhyme*, edited by E. S. Fulcher (Hogg),—*Double Acrostics*, by various Authors, edited by K. L. (Hogg),—*A Christmas Gathering of Leaves for the Little Ones* (Simpkin),—Mrs. Copleston's *Canada: Why we Live in It and Why we Like It* (Parker),—Volume VI. of *The Book and its Missions* (Kent),—Volume XI. of *The Penny Post* (Parker), and Volume I. of Quaritch's *Military Library* (Quaritch),—Mr. Greenwood's *Wild Sports of the World* (Beeton),—Chambers's *Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People* (Chambers).

Among our usual Year-Books and Diaries, we have, as the first in bulk and usefulness, *The Post-Office London Directory for 1862* (Kelly & Co.),—the useful and humorous Mr. Punch's *Pocket-Book*,—the well-compiled *British Almanac and Companion* (Knight),—Dunn and Duncan's *Law and Commercial Remembrancer*,—Vacher's *Parliamentary Almanac*,—*Dietschen and Hannay's Almanac*,—*Whitcraft's Weather Almanac*,—*The Rural Almanac*,—*The Bolton Almanac*,—*Watson's House-keeper's Diary*,—*Rees's Diary*, and *The Newcastle Memorandum-Book* (Lambert).

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alexander's Christian Thought and Work, post 8vo. 5/6 cl.  
Alexander's Court and Country, 3/6 cl.  
Annie Elton; or, the Cottage and the Farm, 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Baldwin's History of Rome, new edit. by Kenny, 8vo. 2/6 cl.  
Baifour's Gods Two Books, or Nature and the Bible, 3/6 cl.  
Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, by Kerr, 6/3  
Bohn's English Giant's Library, Walpole's Painting, 3 vols. 8vo. 2/6  
Bohn's God's Way of Peace, 18mo. 2/6 cl.  
Boyle's Court and Country Guide, 18mo. 12mo. 5/6 bd.  
Brathwaite's Retrospect of Medicine, Vol. 44, post 8vo. 6/6 cl.  
Bright's Ancient Collects and other Prayers, and edit. 8vo. 5/6 cl.  
Broderick's Chrysalis, or, a Story with an End, illust. 8vo. 5/6 cl.  
Brown's Soul's Exodus and Pilgrimage, 8vo. 7/6 cl.  
Builders and Contractors' Price Book for 1862, rev. by Bunnell, 4/6  
Burke's Romance of the Forum, new edit. 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural, cheap edit. 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Chambers's Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge, Vol. 3, 9/6 cl.  
Chambers's Library for Young People, 2nd series, Spring Flowers, 1/6  
Chambers's Journal, Vol. 1, 18mo. 3/6 cl.  
Chambers's Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy, 12/6  
Chappell's English Ballad Album, 4to. 4/6 cl.  
Chappell's First Album de Danse, for the Pianoforte, 4to. 4/6 cl.  
Collette's Handy-Book of Company Drill, & Instructor, 8vo. 1/6  
Cruet's Wines of All, cheap edit. 8vo. 1/6 cl.  
Daily Food for the Inner Man, and edit. 18mo. 3/6 cl.  
Dickens's Works, illust. Edit. "Oliver Twist," 7/6 cl.  
Dinners and Dinner Parties, 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Earle's Gloucester Fragments, Saxon Handwriting on St. Swithun, 21/6  
Flagellum's Night Mail, 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Fox's glimpses of the Life of a Sailor, 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Graham on the Treatment of Scarlet Fever and Measles, 8vo. 1/6  
Gouger's Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah, 2nd edit. 12/6 cl.  
Gyll's History of the Parish of Wraybury, 8vo. 4/6 cl.  
Hannay's Maritime Rights and Obligations of Belligerents, 1/6 cl.  
Hortense, Queen, Memoirs of, by Wrayall & Wehrham, 21/6 cl.  
Houston's Circle Secured from the Square, 4to. 3/6 cl.  
Huntington's Sermons for the Holy Seasons of the Church, 8vo. 6/6  
James's John A. Life and Letters, ed. by Dale, cheap edit. 7/6  
Jameson's (Rev. W.) Life and Labours, by R. Robb, 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Kitt's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, 3rd ed. by Alexander, 2/6  
Laven's Elysium; or, Contrasts of Character, chp. ed. 8vo. 1/6  
Lee's Gilbert Messenger, cheap edit. 8vo. 1/6 cl.  
Lee's History of Market Drayton, Ashley, Beiton, 8vo. 8vo. 2/6  
Leisure Hours in Town, 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Lockwood's Instinct or Reason, 2nd series, 12mo. 5/6 cl.  
Lodge's Peasants and Barons of the British Empire, 1862, 32/6  
Marrat's Fables of Many Tales, new edit. 8vo. 2/6 cl.  
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Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. 44, 8vo. 12/6 cl.  
Miall's Title of the Church to her Parochial Endowments, 8vo. 6/6 cl.  
Miller's Lectures on the Science of Language, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12/6 cl.  
Parlor Library, "Rowcroft's Roman Maiden," 8vo. 2/6 bds.  
Pennell's Puck on Pegasus, 2nd edit. small 4to. 7/6 cl.  
Phillips's Amos Clark; or, the Poor Dependent, 8vo. 2/6 bds.  
Price's Treatise on Infinitesimal Calculus, Vol. 4, 8vo. 10/6 cl.  
Prince Consort, Life of, by Walford, 8vo. 1/6 cl.  
Pycroft's Agony Point; or, the Groans of "Gentility," 2nd ed. 8vo. 5/6  
Railway Lib., "Adventures of a Bashful Irishman," n. ed. 8vo. 1/6  
Ruff's Guide to the Turf, for 1862, winter edit. 12mo. 2/6 cl.  
Scott's Waverley Novels, cheap edit. Vol. 1, "Waverley," 8vo. 1/6  
Shakespeare: a Reprint of his Works, as in 1623. Pt. 1, Comedies, 10/6  
Shakespeare, Hist. of, by Walford, 8vo. 1/6 cl.  
Shakespeare's Dram. Works, ed. Carruthers & Chambers, Vol. 4, 3/6  
Statutes, Public General, passed in 1861, ed. by Bize, 8vo. 1/6 cl.  
Stewart's Rosedale; or, the Deserted Manor-House, 8vo. 5/6 cl.  
Storm-Beaten; or, Christmas-eve at the Old Anchor Inn, 8vo. 1/6  
Trench's Com. on Epistles to Seven Churches in Asia, 2nd ed. 8vo. 8/6  
Trench's History of Justin Martyr, and other Poems, 5th ed. 8vo. 6/6  
Tulio's Beginning Life, 8vo. 3/6 cl.  
Tyler's Papers for Thoughtful Girls, 8vo. 5/6 cl.  
Vance's Romantic Episodes of Chivalric & Medieval France, 10/6  
What-Not, The, 1861, 8vo. 4/6 cl.  
Wilson's Church of Israel, 8vo. 7/6 cl.  
Wordsworth's Theophilus Anglicanus, ed. Godfrey, post 8vo. 5/6 cl.  
Young's Night Thoughts, with Life by Dr. Doran, 4th ed. 8vo. 4/6 cl.

## THE MAYER MANUSCRIPTS.

Liverpool, Dec. 18, 1861.

You have in your review of the recent publication of Dr. Simonides made use of my name. I therefore claim the insertion of a few lines defining my own position in reference to the Papyri which you have thought proper to notice in such unqualified terms of distrust. The simple facts are, that the MSS. of which the fac-similes are before the public, are part only of a collection which I acquired from two different sources, viz. from the late Mr. Sams and from the Rev. H. Stobart, and as they have been disarranged more than once in my museum, it is not in my power to state with perfect accuracy from which of these two sources any particular Papyrus was derived.

Dr. Simonides was introduced to me, as stated by him, at my museum; and after we had been acquainted for some time, and he had given me in writing his interpretation of several of the Hieroglyphical Inscriptions in the Museum, I requested him to unroll and decipher for me some of many rolls of Papyrus which were on my shelves; and he shortly afterwards commenced his operations in the Library of the Museum, the necessary materials for the unrolling, such as linen, starch, &c., being supplied by the Curator, who attended on him, and with myself saw many of the MSS. opened.

Dr. Simonides told me during the time that he was thus engaged that the Papyri were of extreme Biblical interest, and from time to time the results of his discoveries were communicated to the papers.

I leave to Dr. Simonides himself the vindication of his character from the charges brought against him; but it is absolutely necessary that the public should be made aware that the Papyri in question are in no way connected with Dr. Simonides, except in as far as he has unrolled and illustrated them, and that they are, and have been for some years, the property of, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH MAYER.

## THE OCTOORON.

December 18, 1861.

THE Author of 'The Quadroon' seems now to consider the question of the invention of the story of 'The Octoroon' of extremely little consequence; nevertheless, great principles may be involved in points of the smallest importance in themselves, and truth, the moral salt of the world, is worth ascertaining from its opposite in the most trivial matters of investigation. If for no other reason, in this instance, from the degree of relief to the feelings of compassionate sympathy, we are called upon to feel for a person robbed of his goods, so likely to ensue should it be found that the complainant has come by them much in the style he has lost them—"the good old rule, the simple plan"—of annexation, which Mr. Boucicault seems to have learnt to practise in the New World, and which is expressed with the gayest impudence in nature in the French plagiarist's line:

Le bon est mon bien, que je réclame partout.

It is true that, at the date of my former note on the subject to the *Athenæum*, I had not read 'The Quadroon'; but it was enough that the author of the latter production claimed the story of 'The Octoroon' as identical with his own, to establish,

in my mind, *prima facie* evidence either of a case of plagiarism much more indefensible than that denounced against the Adelphi dramatist, or of a coincidence so remarkable as to be scarcely within the limits of possibility. But I have since rectified this premature judgment. I have read 'The Quadroon'; and, as a first result, let me admit a most decided inferiority in one description of literary activity to its gallant author: for I confess it was to me the occupation of a whole day, with only the most needful intervals for exhausted nature to rally in, to peruse the three volumes of that work, while the former appears to have been enabled to devour the tale of 'Masks and Faces' (which would undoubtedly fill eight or nine volumes of the common novel size) in the course of that single "yesterday" which lighted him to the conclusion, and distinct affirmation, that he was unable to find any the least resemblance between his own tale of a Slave Lady and the one included in the romance of 'Masks and Faces'. On the contrary, on my part, I find, and assert in the most positive manner, that the stories of these two works are, as far as relates to that personage, in all but mere minor points of detail, *absolutely and literally identical*. The scene of both is laid partly in New Orleans, and partly at a plantation some distance from the city—thirty miles in 'The Quadroon', sixteen in 'Masks and Faces'. In both there is a lady of the greatest beauty and accomplishments, but with a slight infusion of coloured blood in her veins, the offspring of a French-descended planter of Louisiana, who is intended to be manumitted by her father and owner—is in reality manumitted, only the writings are confided to a rascally attorney and agent, who has conceived a passion for her, and who makes it appear that the estate of his deceased employer is insolvent, in order that this beautiful damsel may be brought to the hammer, with the view of possessing himself of her charms by purchasing her as a slave. In both, this rascally purpose is effected in the same degree, the lady being put up for sale, and "knocked down" to the highest bidder under circumstances of shameful injustice and Lynch-law mobbing on the part of the excited planters. In both, there is a subsequent rescue and flight. In both, the letters of manumission and forgeries of the lawyer and his fellow-conspirators are discovered; and the catastrophes differ only in this respect—that 'The Quadroon' ends in a rose-smoke illumination of bridal happiness apparently come to pass on that blessed republican soil, while the lover in 'Masks and Faces' makes off with his heroine for ever from what it styles "the gorgeous but cancer-bosomed Queen of the Mississippi" to Africa first (for a particular purpose of the main story), and thence home to his native British Devonshire.

Thus far there stands assertion against assertion. But the proof is not so difficult of attainment—not buried so deeply in the "ample archives of the *London Journal*" as the Author of 'The Quadroon' complacently supposes. The tale of 'Masks and Faces' was subsequently condensed by its author into a three-volume novel, which, under the designation of 'The City Banker,' is to be found, I believe, at most general libraries. And though it is true that this latter novel—as its title denotes—is chiefly devoted to the home part of the adventures of the "long, exciting" romance in question, still the episode of the Slave Lady, in greatly reduced dimensions, is to be found in it; and "Saum Cuique" stakes his character for veracity as a literary witness (inclosing his card to the Editor of the *Athenæum*), that the legend above recited will be circumstantially found in it. Any reader, indeed, willing to take the trouble, may satisfy himself on the point.

The question of dates resumes, then, all its importance, and the transparent juggle attempted by the Author of 'The Quadroon' in this matter needs scarcely any other exposition than his own. He states that he read this latter romance (his own composition) in the year 1852, and this, to the eye of a cursory reader, would seem to be the date of publication—antecedent, then, certainly, to the date of 'Masks and Faces'. But how did the Author of 'The Quadroon' "read" his work? In the profound seclusion of a desk to which he had

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consigned it, in despair at finding his originality anticipated by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin!'—an objection which it required an interval of four years only to dissipate, though how effected, even in that long space in the life of a popular novel, I am at a loss to conceive, since 'Uncle Tom' is decidedly not yet by any means wholly forgotten, and was not published in the *London Journal*, whose quarter of a million readers, of course, forget everything they read as fast as they read it—or, at all events, are not supposed to be in many cases patrons of the Circulating Library! A little farther on, however, the Author of 'The Quadroon' admits it was not published till 1856, nor "finished" writing until 1855. By what gift of fictitious clairvoyance, then, did he "read" it in 1852? In any case, how can it be so triumphantly stated that a book not finished until 1855 was written "long before" a work that was published in that year?—or, at all events, commencing with the Midsummer of 1855, and running in an unbroken sequence (not in parts, with an addition!) for seven or eight subsequent months, could hardly be said to have entered 1856.

It is not "necessary"—it is altogether beside the point at issue—for the Author of 'The Quadroon' to inform "Suum Cuique" that he resided a long time in the now dis-United States of America, and attended many slave-auctions, and particularly of "beautiful Quadroon girls," in the city of New Orleans. One might, indeed, feel some faint curiosity to know what satisfaction he took in such exhibitions, as it is impossible to impute to an English gentleman the motives which he declares so scandalously frequent among intending purchasers there. But as well might the Author of 'The Quadroon' imagine he proved a good claim to the invention of the tragedy of 'Othello,' by announcing that he had been to Venice, and had been rowed in a gondola! Nay, the most exact description of the Dogana, and a list of all the saweeds cast on the Lido, with their Latin and "trivial" names appended (whatever that means—and it is of frequent occurrence in the carefully-catalogued descriptions of scenery in 'The Quadroon'), would fail to establish the point.

With regard to minor matters of misrepresentation, it is, perhaps, hardly worth while to remark, that the story of the Long Tom practice is based simply on the statement in 'Masks and Faces,' that a 9-pound shot, discharged from a piece of ordnance of that calibre, pierced the launch-boat of a man-of-war, shattered the leg of one of the persons in it, and sent all the rest into the water. I know not in what wars the gallant Author of 'The Quadroon' may have figured; but in those of the British Empire this is by no means an uncommon feat to be performed by a piece of metal of the weight mentioned, properly propelled by ignited powder, even in the good old times when cannon balls were cast round.

With regard to the concluding paragraph of the letter of the "Author of 'The Quadroon'" (who seems desirous to go to posterity by that title), it is only "necessary" to say that, although the tale of 'Masks and Faces' was commenced and carried on for a few chapters by Mr. J. F. Smith, the sudden secession of that gentleman to a rival publication induced the proprietors of the *London Journal* to place it in what they doubtless considered the most competent hands they could find for the purpose, and that no particle of the invention in dispute, or of the staple story of 'The City Banker,' which appeared under the accustomed *nom de plume* of "the Author of 'Whitefriars,'" owes its creation to any other pen.

SUUM CUIQUE.

## HAMILTONIAN LOGIC. (No. 4.)

December, 1861.

I proceed to extenuate Hamilton's statement [ante, p. 51], that "some at least" is "possibly all or none"; so that "some Xs are Ys" takes in a possibility of either of the logical contraries—"every X is Y" and "no X is Y." This is not what he meant: but it is what he said. I repeat the passage ('Discussions,' 635\*, 690):—

... The Aristotelic contradiction only proceeds on a certain arbitrary hypothesis of particularity; to wit, that "some" is to mean only "some at least," possibly, therefore, all or none; thus constituting, both in affirmation

and in negation, virtually a double proposition,—a proposition comprising, in effect, two contraries.

I trace this assertion to diminished energy of reference caused by illness; and this combined with hurry. I shall presently prove that these causes existed, whether I state their effect rightly or not; but I first point out how I suppose them to have acted.

1. In Hamilton's doubly partitive system, the affirmative and negative particulars are equivalents. That "some (only) are" means that "some (the rest) are not." Hence, as he truly says, *some* will "be both affirmative and negative" ('Logic' ii. 280). And the word *some*, by definition, implies both "some at least" and "some at most."

2. The ordinary logician makes no use of "some at most, possibly none"; his "some" is "some at least, possibly all." Had he used both, he would have had four particulars, identical two and two: for "some-at-least-possibly-all Xs are Ys" is equivalent to "some-at-most-possibly-none Xs are not Ys." I suspect that Hamilton, in his wide reading, had met with a few logicians who have discussed "some at most" as a possible phase of quantity. He actually affirms that "the logicians" (ii. 280, again) give "some" the meaning "negatively, not all, perhaps none, some at most; affirmatively, not none, perhaps all,—some at least." This is too short; but it is only his own note: the appendix I cite is his private paper, published by his editors, who give due warning of its character. Had he lived to publish for himself, he probably would have expanded this note, and would have indicated "the logicians" who have dealt with "some at most."

3. In the next page (ii. 281; but this is a new section, no doubt on a different paper), Hamilton sums up, and sums up badly, even for a private memorandum. Biased by recollection of his own "some," which is both "at least" and "at most," he forgets to note that this is not the case with "the logicians." Accordingly, he describes them as using "some, meaning some at least, some perhaps all, some, [ ] perhaps not any." In the space [ ] he ought to have inserted the words "meaning some at most": and he ought also to have noted that here we have the *two* "somes" attributed to "the logicians" in his previous section. All this I am sure was in his head: and *deliberate* reading of his imperfect note would at any time have brought it all back.

4. In process of time arose the assumed necessity of preparing—in a hurry, as I shall show—an eradicating article against a stray mathematician who would write logic, though warned again and again that he neither did know, could know, nor ought to know, anything about the matter. I see clearly that he referred to the imperfect note above exposed in great hurry. And by trusting too much to the wording of his rapid extract, he added the intensifying assertion about the two contraries.

I have now to establish, independently, the decline of the habit of reference, and the hurry of the article from which I have quoted. Of the first I shall take three marked instances out of his controversy with myself.

1. In this journal of August 24, 1850, speaking of the form "Any X is any Y," Hamilton says of me, "He wisely omits the form. But what an omission!" It is the first of my forms in the very table he was criticizing, from which he himself shortly afterwards produces it.

2. In my 'Formal Logic' (p. 311) the reader will see how Hamilton joined into *one phrase* words from *two different writings* of mine, and put the total under marks of quotation, as a portion of one passage. This was the most mischievous trick he ever played me: no reference was given; and it cost me six hours of wonderment and puzzlement over my own writings before I could solve the riddle.

3. In my third Cambridge paper I have exposed the manner in which Hamilton gained his belief, which he expressed in several places, that I confounded the *middle term* of a syllogism with its *conclusion*. My words are, "... quantity of the conclusion, there called the middle term." If he had looked "there,"—that is, two or three pages back,—he would have seen that I was speaking

elliptically of the extent which is *middle*,—that is, which is common to both premises,—as being the extent of the conclusion. All these instances show negligence of reference: though the third is otherwise blameworthy. As in some other cases, the obvious meaning of words is our protection against grammatical ambiguity. In "Philo of Byzantium, afterwards called Constantinople," we know that it is not the engineer who underwent change of name: in "Paul of Tarsus, the Apostle of the Gentiles," we know that the Epistle to the Romans was not written by a city.

I now come to the proofs of hurry. Of these there are enough in the paper of the *Discussions* which I have quoted: I shall cite two. The first is the mistake, now well known, which I shall designate as that of the *countermarking identicals*: the quantities which are one and the same quantity, but the greater the one the less the other. It has been shown that Hamilton was not strong at notions of quantity: but even he could not have made such a stumble at his ordinary pace. There must have been hurried writing: and we may suspect that he did not himself correct the press.

Secondly, Hamilton has inserted, from the manuscript notes which his editors afterwards published and I have already cited, a table of the relations of his propositional forms. Both in the notes, and in the *Discussions*, the table has this memorandum:—"This table may not be quite accurate in details." How are we to explain the inventor and promulgator of a logical system putting forth the connecting relations of his own forms of enunciation with a warning that perhaps some of them are wrong? Not quite accurate in details in a matter of which every detail must be either as sure as "X is X" or as doubtful as "X is not X"! Nothing but hurry can explain this: deliberation would have re-examined the table, and made sure of its accuracy. To digress for a moment:—"As sure as eggs is eggs"; are these *eggs* anything but a corruption of X, a letter not uncommon even among old logicians to represent a term? I appeal to the Cæsar of folk-lore, the *Notes and Queries*.

But the most direct presumption of hurry is as follows. The first edition of the 'Discussions' has 758 pages. At page 121 there was no intention even of reprinting the letter to this journal: for the reader is directed to consult the *Athenæum* itself. When more than 621 pages had been printed off, so that duly-paged interpolation was impossible, a new passage of arms was resolved on: the article from which I have quoted was prepared, and inserted in the logical appendix between pages 620 and 621, with asterisked paging running from 621\* to 652\*. This kind of addition is almost always drawn up in a hurry. I have the honour to be the subject of the whole; as appears by the following extract from the Index:—"De Morgan (Prof.), as a logical critic and reasoner, 621\*-652\*."

It is to the point to inquire why this attack was made, and how the sarcasms with which it seems came to be so much more racy than those of the pamphlet of 1847 and the letter of 1850; neither of which lacked seasoning. It will help the extenuation if it can be shown that there was a probable reason for sudden action, especially if it were one which might excite irritation. There had been no immediate provocation from me. Hamilton had had the last word in this journal full eighteen months before; and since that time nothing to which I had been a party had taken place. When I looked through the accounts of myself in the copy forwarded to me, "with the author's compliments" written in it,—as if any copy of that book could have failed to contain the author's compliments, otherwise than by a binder's omission,—I thought I saw the meaning of the whole disclosed: in this last and parting shot:—

And be it remembered, that mathematics and dram-drinking tell, especially in the long run. For a season, I admit, Toby Philpot may be the Champion of England, and Warburton testifies,—"It is a thing notorious, that the oldest mathematician in England is the worst reasoner in it." So much for Mathematical Logic; so much for Cambridge Philosophy.

I reprint this pleasant colophon in the service of the writer. But those who have not read the

controversy must take notice that all writing of this kind came from my opponent alone, except one passage in the Appendix to my 'Formal Logic,' written with the expressed purpose of showing that such weapons were at my command, if it had pleased me to use them. I have very recently met with a sarcasm upon Hamilton, against the severity of which I must protest. Mr. Robert Chambers, in his 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' makes extracts from the authors whom he introduces. For his sole specimen of Hamilton's manner and matter he has given the passage quoted above, with some preceding sentences, in which a mathematician is compared to an owl by daylight, &c. I hope that to the next edition will be added one of those lucid and powerful little bits of psychological explanation with which the Lectures on Metaphysics abound. It is not enough to show how small Hamilton appears when he talks about mathematics: no one can then infer how great he is when he turns to subjects which his mind and his reading qualify him to handle. It is true that at Cambridge we used to assume that the wooden spoon of the mathematical tripos would be high in the classical tripos; but this was mercy, not logic. When I saw Bishop Warburton and Mr. Tobias Filpot—I follow the authorities; the etymon is more homely than *φιδόρως*—brought together by main force that I might be tied up between them, I was reminded of the old logician Pityocampes, who made travellers take both horns of a very uncomfortable dilemma. The portrait was a feature nearer to true likeness than Hamilton knew it to be. The thirsty old soul to whom I am compared was given to beer, not to drama. The song in which he lives—the his *vates acer* Francis Fawkes, O'Keefe, or another—is made upon a brown jug the clay of which was once a part of his mortal coil, and which, in both existences, "foamed with mild ale." So that Hamilton—as by moral rule of three it was fit he should do—made the same blunder about the mathematician as about the mathematician: he mistook a nutritious stimulant for a stimulating poison. But this is not the point. Hamilton lets out that his drunken antagonist is to be for a time the Champion of England. I suspect he was excited by information that my objections to his system had staggered many, especially south of the Tweed; and that this was the secret of the sudden attack upon the uncareworthy opponent whom he delighted to represent as an intellectual cripple. Little he foresaw that my first—very likely my last—direct notice of lampoons on the effect of which he placed an innocent reliance, would be taken on his behalf, not on my own: as helping to show how he came to write in a hurry what, had the same writing been deliberate, would have proved that he had never understood either Aristotle or his followers. A. DE MORGAN.

## LITERARY FUND.

WHISPERS of a reform in the management of this Society reached us in the early part of the year; but we thought it better, before we referred to the subject, to await the publication of the accounts. Here they are, positive and comparative, after the fashion of the *Athenæum*:—

## Literary Fund.

From 1844 to 1850 (6 years). 738 applicants were relieved at a cost (exclusive of Collector's Pledge, Advertisements, and expenses attending the Anniversary Dinner) of £38,177 9 8

To this we now add the account for another year:—

1850. 51 Applicants relieved. Charges for Salary, for rooms for meeting of Committee and Subscribers (exclusive of Collector's Pledge, Advertisements, and expenses attending the Anniversary Dinner) £381 15 8 For Printing, Stationery, Postage and Miscellaneous..... £115 12 7 £497 8 5

## Artists' General Benevolent Fund.

From 1844 to 1850 (6 years). 974 applicants were relieved at a cost (exclusive of Collector's Pledge, Advertisements, and expenses attending the Anniversary Dinner) of £1,444 7 8

1850. 60 Applicants relieved. Charges for Salary, for rooms for meeting of Committee and Subscribers (exclusive of Collector's Pledge, Advertisements, and expenses attending the Anniversary Dinner) £56 12 7 For Printing, Stationery, Postage and Miscellaneous..... £51 0 2 £107 12 9

These accounts, in detail, bear witness to the nature of that change which was reported as a reform, and of the value of all reforms which may be expected from the Committee.

The object for which the reformers so long contended was two-fold—either reduce the expenses, or extend the usefulness of the Society. The Society has arrived at the maturity which the Founder contemplated: it not only receives a large income from donors and subscribers, but it has a freehold estate of more than 2000 a-year, and a reserved fund of more than thirty thousand pounds. Yet the Society does no more for literary men than was done fifty years since, when it was struggling for existence, although the expenditure has risen from 47l. 6s. to more than 5000 a-year. Such a cost for the mere distribution of the funds of a benevolent Society is extravagant beyond all precedent—other like Societies distribute like funds to a larger number of applicants, at less than one-fourth the cost. But the Society would neither extend its usefulness nor reduce its expenses. A house, in a good situation, was, we were told, essential for the respectability of the Society; and, though the Committee met but nine times a-year, there was an absolute necessity for a resident Secretary. Of course, if a house, in a good situation, was essential, there was no objection to the particular house; and if a resident Secretary was required, the Society must pay for his services whether it employed him or not.

We come now to the reform, which originates with the Committee; and from this it appears that the argument about a house was, as the reformers stated, all moonshine,—for the Society has removed from the corner of Bloomsbury Square to chambers in the back settlements of the Adelphi; that the argument about the absolute necessity for a resident Secretary was, as the reformers stated, all moonshine, the Secretary having retired to a villa some dozen miles from London; and the Committee, which gave to its Secretary four times the income paid to the Secretary of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, because they enforced residence, now give him 500 a-year additional *not to reside*. The fact is so strange, that we think it right to record it in the very words of the Auditor's Report:—

Secretary's salary..... £200  
Secretary, in lieu of residence (half a year)..... 25

## GREAT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

Naples, Dec. 17, 1861.

IT is with sorrow that I describe another of those awful phenomena which have so often desolated this fair land. Within the course of a few years I have witnessed several violent eruptions of Vesuvius, even more brilliant than the present, and have felt my house rocking beneath me from the upheavings of that mysterious and insidious enemy, earthquake, but I never witnessed such consternation as that which was depicted on the faces of a population of 22,000 souls who fled from Torre del Greco.

When I first saw the eruption I was walking with a friend, and happening to look over the inclination of a mountain which cut the sea and the distant prospect, I saw what appeared to me to be a vast pine, and yet I said, rubbing my eyes, I do not remember one on that spot; it cannot be a pine, it must be smoke from Vesuvius; and so it was; and at this, the commencement of the eruption, we could see the mighty mass from the roots, which were fixed in the base of the mountain, growing up with wonderful rapidity to a gigantic tree which touched the very heavens, and then spread its branches south and east and west, until the coast, sea, everything, was hidden from view. I never witnessed anything grander than the vast masses of smoke which rose and rolled over one another in magnificent involutions, nor anything which gave me a deeper consciousness of the powers of nature than the loud artillery which preceded every impetus of the mountain, shaking our windows and doors at the distance of many miles, and even at sea, as sailors told me, making their boats tremble in the water. As night set in, the spectacle changed its aspect; it was a confusion of black and deep-red colour, only at intervals it being pos-

sible to see distinctly the column of fire and smoke. Forked lightning and other electric exhibitions played about the mountain and formed a scene which no pen can describe. Great numbers of people went over from Naples on the same night; and I am told that it was a piteous thing to see the inhabitants rushing out panic-struck from their houses, and carrying off all their household goods by the glare of the fires which threatened their ruin. "By ten o'clock on Sunday night," said one of the chief authorities of the district to me, "five thousand persons had arrived in Torre dell' Annunziata; others fled to Naples, and some pushed further on to Castellamare,"—and so the flight continued throughout the hours of darkness; and all this anxious time we could hear, at intervals, rounds, as it were, of artillery, which shook our very houses. About two o'clock after midnight, the grand crater which has been so long comparatively dormant, opened its fires, giving hopes to the despairing population that their dwellings might yet be saved; but by what infatuation is it, that people still cling to a locality which, within the historic period, has been destroyed nine times! On Monday morning, I went over to examine on the spot the devastation which had been committed. As in 1848 and 1855, the road from Naples to Portici was lined with people watching the carriages which rolled down one after another to Torre. It was a perfect fair, and the ruin of the little town a few miles further on had created an unexpected amusement for the Neapolitans. On arriving we found Torre del Greco, a thriving place of 22,000 inhabitants, desolate,—the streets, usually crowded with urchins, were empty, and the windows, commonly filled with women, attracted by the shrill whistle of the railway train, were all shut up. There was no fisherman on the beach, and the masters of the coral boats had all vanished, for, as you know, Torre del Greco is the great depot for coral, the port from which sail out, in the month of March, I know not how many barks to fish up the bright wonders of the deep on the coast of Sardinia or Africa. All was as silent as death within the houses; it was another Pompeii, with the roofs on, though, unlike Pompeii, there were yet remaining signs of recent life and of a hurried flight. Melons and pome-doro, in rich profusion, hung on the walls of the untenanted houses; they had been carefully husbanded for the feasts of Natale and Capo d'Anno; but Christmas and New Year will be a sad season to this unfortunate people! At the station there was a vast and mingled crowd of Bersaglieri, National Guards, curious strangers and panic-struck inhabitants, who had lingered longer than some others to carry off a few articles of furniture. Every one had a bundle, and mattresses and cradles, and their usual tenants crowding at the "fun," were piled up ready to be carried off somewhere, anywhere. A little beyond the station the road turns off to the left, which leads into the city and up to the mountain. There were patrols of the National Guards in the streets, watching the property of the fugitives, for hosts of thieves might well be expected down from the capital, as misfortune awakens the worst as well as the best qualities of human nature. There were crevices opened in the streets sufficient to interrupt the passage of carriages in some places, and showing the fearful struggles which the imprisoned giant had been making to get out. Houses were riven from top to bottom and opened across the roofs,—few appeared to be habitable in their present state, and one gentleman, unable to effect an entrance by the door of his house, was breaking in the windows. Altogether, the number of houses up to that time, which had suffered elisions, according to the official statement, amounted to from 400 to 500; but my opinion is that scarcely a house is secure. The road ascends through the city to the mountain, and after walking about a quarter of a mile from the outskirts you arrive at the stream of lava, which at this point is about 28 palms high and nearly half a mile across. It had risen to the roofs of several houses, and was slowly proceeding onwards, though its course had slackened much since the morning, in consequence of the opening of the principal crater. About half a mile further on, the



fiery mouths were visible vomiting forth fire, and smoke and pumice-stone; but so intense was the heat, and so thick the cloud of fine dust that fell around, that it was painful, if not dangerous, to advance. To count the number of mouths would be difficult, for new ones were opening continually, and it was just as likely as not that we ourselves might have been let in.

The trains still run, and we go on to Torre dell' Annunziata, where 5,000 persons had arrived the night before by 10 o'clock. The roofs once so clean were now covered with thick dust, instead of fine grain and *pasta* turned out to dry. The streets were blocked up with every species of vehicle which had been engaged all night in bringing in the fugitives, for whose reception the magazines of the tower had been opened; and here I saw them huddled together by the hundred. The more respectable classes had been quartered about amongst the inhabitants in the proportion of five to fifteen in a house; but all distinctions of rich and poor were now broken down, for misfortune had made them fellows, and they met each other as man and man. Beyond the confines of this place we began to leave the dust behind us; there was a clearer sky above, and by the time we got to Castellammare the atmosphere was clearer; but what a scene! Boats were coming in as at Torre dell' Annunziata, with numbers of poor creatures and such articles of furniture as in their panic they had been able to carry off. Mattresses were scattered about the quays and the squares, and cradles and chairs and a few other household articles which had been caught up in haste. Many women sat on logs of timber, knitting, others lay along on the ground with their children around them. Groups of men were standing about recounting to the bystanders the horrors of the past night; I saw sick and aged people supported by their friends, and being led to some place of refuge. There was an old woman especially who appeared to have been paralyzed by fright, and who excited the compassion of the crowd. All these had been involved in ruin by the events of the last few hours,—and who can foresee the miseries to which they will now be exposed for life? "We have done the best we can for them," said the Sotto-Prefetto; "we have put many of them in the Seminary, and others have been quartered on the inhabitants, whilst a subscription has been opened for the supply of their immediate wants." Though there were hundreds of carriages and other vehicles, all were so occupied in the service of the poor sufferers that it was almost impossible to get one to push on to Sorrento, and yet we desired to see what the eruption had done along the coast. The air was tolerably clear in Castellammare; but on approaching Vico we got beneath the column of smoke which the north wind was driving over the Bay, and all the country appeared to be clothed in deep mourning. Black fine dust had fallen everywhere and covered everything. The roads were covered several inches deep; on the houses in Torre del Greco it was ascertained by measure to be 4½ inches in depth. Gardens full of vegetables were blackened; the monthly rose had changed its hues; the olive its silvery white for black; the oranges had a corona of dust upon them as clearly defined as that of the acorn. The foliage was so laden that the branches hung down with the weight, and it is not improbable that the orange and lemon crops will suffer greatly from the breaking down of the trees. I saw men sweeping the cabages, and shaking the trees; and in one olive-tree a peasant who was performing this operation was lost to view in the cloud which came down around him. And all this time the dusty shower was falling rapidly. On the parapets of the walls the literary juveniles had written their names in the dust, as we when boys did in the sand and ashes. Ash was everywhere: it clothed all nature in mourning, and we bit it, and breathed it, and our eyes ran with water from its effects. At Sorrento the aspects were the same; the streets and the gardens looked as smooth as a sandy beach after the tide has receded; the ashes had penetrated into the innermost rooms of the houses, and plates and dishes gave evidence of the fact. "Our boats," said the people, "were obliged to carry the compass with them, or they never would have found

Naples." So it was at the Piano, and so at Capri. I do not exaggerate when I tell you that the obscurity was such as is produced by an eclipse of the sun; but in the centre of the column it was so deep that it was impossible to see much before you. I went on the sea and marked the surface—usually azure, blue and clear, so much so that it is possible to see the rocks several fathoms deep and the fish sporting amongst them; it was now the colour of one of our muddy rivers, and as the mariners dashed their oars into the sea the flakes of coke receded right and left. "And we felt the sea vibrate beneath us during the whole night," said the men, "at every roar of the mountain." Poor fellows! it was piteous, though laughable, to see how much they suffered from the action of the dust on their eyes, which literally streamed with water. "Put up your umbrella, sir," said they, "or you will be blinded," and so I did; but the enemy got under it, and then, fairly beaten, I turned my back upon it. Push into shore, and let us back to Naples. The details were the same returning as coming, though the prospect was different. The mighty column of smoke we might have imagined had supported the very heavens, except that when it attained a vast height it turned south and spread over the sea, covering the entire Bay, and reaching how far we cannot yet say, though we know that Capri and Salerno were covered with the dust. We could see it falling like ballast from a balloon, and heaven knows that we felt it and gulped sometimes too much for easy respiration. On Sunday night the column from the lower mouths just above Torre del Greco was calculated to have risen 10,000 feet in height, whilst that from the upper crater was estimated at 3,000, and by some, at 5,000 feet.

Towards the evening the artillery which had been thundering all the day ceased, and nothing remained to excite our wonder but the grand electric lights which played around the crater on the summit,—columns of fire and smoke continually rose up, intermingled with forked lightning and globes of pure electric light. During the night and the next morning there were fresh shocks of earthquake, which added to the work of devastation. As Tuesday broke the sun to us in Naples was eclipsed by the black cloud which still rolled between us and the mountain; but as the orb of day gained a greater height the brilliant effects which were produced on the edges of the column were wonderfully grand. On Wednesday morning the column was much reduced,—the smoke from the lower mouths crept like mist over the surface of the land; two or three sharp shocks of earthquake were, however, felt in Torre, and several houses fell in. On Thursday morning I went over again, and now that the volcano had subsided into a sulky kind of repose, I proceeded to examine more in detail the different parts of the town. The train stopped short of the usual point, and passengers to Castellammare were compelled to walk half a mile to meet another train which was waiting for them; and, for two reasons: the road had received several elisions, and it was feared that the vibration of the carriages would bring down the tottering houses on the line. For myself, I took possession of a National Guard, as it turned out a most stupid animal, but whose red cap I thought might be a protection. Happily we picked up with the "Parrocco" who had returned to look after his property and his parishioners, and who did the honours of the desolate city to us. "Let us go to the sea first," he said. "Look at these mighty rocks; they are of the lava of 1794, and observe that the earthquake has now riven them." The flint-like substances had been cleft as with a knife, and through the middle of them were gushing down streams of imprisoned water set free. The sea had retired twenty palms, from the elevation of the ground, and a little way out it was boiling violently,—I believe from the effect of subterranean streams gushing up through the openings which had been made. We went into a ruined house close at hand, and looked into a well, and listened to the streams of water which were gushing through, from the upper mountain; the sides of the well having been opened by the earthquake. Torre del Greco is formed of a number of streets running parallel and at right angles to one

another; it lies at the base of the mountain; and up the Strada della Ripa I first bent my steps. As every house on the line parallel to the rail was fissured, so was it here, and even worse—the ruin had been much advanced since Monday. There were large gaps opening throughout the length of this street, and of every other, in an ascending direction, but I observed no transverse openings; yet in all directions the houses had suffered, and seemed to stand erect by special permission. "Let us come down this street on the left," said the Parrocco. It was the Strada Fontana, and there, at the bottom, the large fountain which had supplied the wants of the city was boiling up with disimprisoned streams, which gushed out from beneath. It had risen several palms in height; and though the quality of the water was here but little changed, in several other places I visited it had a sharp, acid taste. Most of the houses had suffered in this street perceptibly, and all, I believe, in fact. Against some, ladders were placed, and workmen were breaking holes in the façades, in which to rest the poles that were to be their props; others had fallen, and were a mass of rubbish; whilst a wide gap yawned in the interval. There was one cut so cleanly through the middle that a section was presented to the eye; and on the very edge of the precipice trembled a bed, ready-made, but which had not been slept in; whilst chairs stood around the one wall that remained, and a gridiron and baskets and vegetables still hung against it. Two cats which had been imprisoned there had been liberated, but there was little chance of the furniture being got down, as the probabilities are that what remained of the house would fall inevitably with a touch. Retracing my steps, I got into the Strada Ripa again, and, following the course of the fissure in the centre, mounted by some steps to the next street, which runs at right angles,—for Torre del Greco lies on so sharp a declivity that the town is terraced. The continuation of the road upwards, now called the Strada Santa Croce, exhibits the same sad scenes as that which we have just left: handsome houses cut right through, and showing yawning gaps—some so crippled that another shock might do for them; others but shells, the interiors having fallen in. There was one especially I remarked, for it was large and handsome, and the fragments of the fallen masonry protruded through the doors. In front of it was a large crater, which had opened with one of the recent shocks; and looking in, I marvelled at the force which must have split the solid blocks of flint-like lava of which the substratum was formed. This was the old lava of 1794, and on this the new city is built. The sons had erected their dwellings on the tombs of their fathers, and the grave seemed to have opened to swallow up the grandsons.

It was obvious to me that the ground around Torre del Greco is hollow, for through the gaps which had been formed in the riven lava, it appeared as if the site on which Torre stood was a thin crust in the form of a vault, and so the Parrocco evidently thought, for one of the reasons which he assigned for the escape of the inhabitants was, that they were apprehensive of the city falling in. I did not visit all the side streets at right angles, contenting myself with a peep, but all the houses were in the same state as those I have described, and some had fallen in. Nearly at the top of this street stands the church from which it takes its name, one of those pale-faced plaster, characterless edifices which abound in Southern Italy. The "Santa Croce," which stood erect and replaced one that was destroyed in 1794, but happier than its neighbour the Campanile or Belfry, had manfully withstood the storm, with this exception, however, that whereas it had formerly consisted of four floors, the two lower ones had been swallowed up by the lava, and the third and fourth still remain to tell the tale. Thus proceeding through such scenes of desolation as I have never witnessed before, sometimes warned away from the sides of the houses, lest they might fall, and at others standing a chance of being overwhelmed by the ocean of dust which was being swept off in order to lighten the houses, I got into the direction of the country; and, passing by fertile and smiling



vineyards, found myself shortly on the old lava beds which Time had not yet pulverized nor man had built upon. It was rough walking for some distance, and our stupid guide, not the Parrocco, but a man rejoicing in the title of a National Guard, kept on trying to cover his ignorance by saying that he wanted to show us everything. And so he did, and a vast deal more than we cared to see. Patience, however, and our legs soon brought us to the foot of the great crater, above which rose the lord of the surrounding district. Here at the base we marked the new mouths which had been so recently opened. There are four larger ones. Several were formed on the hill side as we stood there, and one or two were close by us. Decked out they were in all the colours of the rainbow, and hungry-looking men were collecting specimens for sale. Beneath our feet the smoke continually ascended, and a quivering heat that made us move from one spot to another. To cross the bed of lava, which is here full a quarter of a mile across, would have been therefore impossible, to say nothing of the possibility of our breaking through the black crystallized cream which just covered the glowing stream,—so that we returned by the road by which we came, over the old lava again, and which had been uplifted and cleft in many places by the several earthquakes of the week. A quarter of a mile before entering the city we turned off a few steps from the road, and came at once upon the new bed just at the point where it terminated, or rather diverged, for had it not done so, so rapid is the declivity that I am persuaded that by this time a great part of Torre would be under the liquid fire. At this point it stands full twenty-eight palms above the level of the ground, and none but those who have seen it can imagine how that blackened mass could have moved on so regularly and swiftly. I mounted to the top, and found myself on the roof of a peasant's house which had been overwhelmed, and from which I could obtain an extensive view over the surrounding district. All was black, and everywhere vineyards and olive-grounds, and fruit-trees and the white mulberry were all gone; and where, a few days before, there existed indications of the highest cultivation, sterility had laid its curse for a century. The old bed which I had just passed over was formed in 1794, and yet there it was as black and hard as ever, except where a rush or a reed had struggled up through some small fissure. How many years must pass away before the lately smiling district shall again produce its oil and wine! There were several singular features in the scene; a house close by us had just escaped destruction, the lava flowed by it at no greater distance than a yard or two, and looked in at the windows, whilst several trees that were buried to the branches still retained their verdure. Here, of course, the bed was wider than in any other direction; the lava had come rollicking down in its mad mirth, and had spread right and left to the width of two-thirds of a mile, and then its course was arrested. But here we are again in the city, which is full of bustle, for now that the mountain is in comparative repose, the inhabitants are returning to carry off the goods which in their hasty flight they had left behind them. "None will remain here," said the Parrocco; "we fear another disaster,"—and besides this the houses are not safe. I sent off all my friends on Sunday night, and for myself I slept on board a boat out at sea last night. I cannot describe the remarkable scene which presented itself, and which can only be likened to what Naples is on the 4th of May, when every one thinks it almost a duty to change his house. Some were bringing out their furniture, and with every precaution lest their houses should fall upon them; in some cases it was too dangerous to enter, and the furniture was left behind; household goods, chairs, tables, mattresses, were piled up on every street and at every doorway, and the proprietors sat in guard before them. Then there were porters and cabmen and sailors by the hundred, driving bargains or carrying the goods away to the boats or the carts, as the case might be. From the lower part of the town articles were sent off by sea or the line; whilst in the upper part they were despatched by carriages

by the old road. The poor people had put up rude engravings of the Madonna on their houses; and though Torre were destroyed ninety-nine instead of nine times, they would do the same.

I should ill discharge my duty if I did not say that both the Government and the people have risen with the occasion and done honour to the Italian name. Two steamers run backwards and forwards twice a day for the convenience of these unfortunate persons. Two regiments have been put to work to transport furniture and carry food. The Government has given 160,000 francs, the King 40,000, and General La Marmora 3,000, for the relief of the inhabitants. The barracks of the Granier of Nocera, Cava and Salerno, or, at least, a portion of them, have been devoted to the occasion, as also one of the Palaces.

Yesterday we had much rain; but this morning the same weather which we have had for so long a time has re-appeared—a northerly wind with a clear blue sky. The barometer is high, and the snow and what our sailors call the cotton on the mountains, promise a continuance of the same weather. As I conclude my letter Vesuvius has just burst out again with great violence, and the ashes are sweeping again over the Bay. W.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A few personal traits may be added to our brief sketch of the Prince, who was on Monday laid in his splendid tomb. Prof. Goldstickler, a fellow-student with him at Bonn, remembers him as the only Prince who was a real reader there. "I believe," says the Professor, in a letter which we are allowed to quote, "he never missed a single lecture." It was not the way with princes at Bonn. During the first years of Prince Albert's residence in England, he gave much time to a thorough study of English Law and of our Constitutional History—reading the best authors, abstracting their accounts, and, by help of good guides, discussing the principles contested and established in our several Civil Wars. Few English gentlemen know the Statute Book so well as he knew it. It is no great secret that in the interviews between Prince Albert and the Emperor Napoleon the former thought it his duty to Europe to endeavour by arguments drawn from the history of events in England to engage the Emperor in a more constitutional course than he has yet adopted in France. The Emperor had, we believe, the highest respect for the intelligence of his illustrious adviser.

In thinking of what was most characteristic and individual about the late Prince Consort, we feel in the same difficulty as one who would point out the characteristic features of a beautiful face and head, where every part is perfect and all the parts are in equilibrium. That which, perhaps, most characterized Prince Albert mentally was his singular power in acquiring knowledge; he was truly "wax to receive and marble to retain" impressions. Though of late he had not much time, he read the best books and papers—knew the last literary and artistic gossip—could chat about the lion of the season with the familiarity of a club lounge. His knowledge of personality was very great; of portraits, of biography, of family history, and of all the illustrations of such studies, engravings, memoirs, caricatures, ballads and the small scraps of literature he was amazingly fond. The trait which personally distinguished him from other men was his daily and hourly interest in the education of his children: not only the moral education, which no English parent ever does or, under any circumstances, ought to neglect; but the ordinary training of the school-room. Of course, the Royal Princes and Princesses had many masters and mistresses, but their chief instructor was the Prince. He not only furnished a general plan for their instruction, but superintended it himself,—not only appointed to each one his and her teachers, but thought it his duty to read every book which any of them was about to read. Of how few English gentlemen could the same be said.

The Manchester Local Committee have handed to Mr. John Taylor, General Treasurer of the

British Association, the magnificent balance of 3,658l. 9s. 8d. We spoke, at the time, of the financial success of the Manchester meeting, but we were not prepared for such a balance-sheet. That the local spirit may be properly understood, we must explain that this sum is not the net profit on the week's transactions, but, as nearly as possible, the gross income. All the local expenses were defrayed by a local subscription, these expenses amounting to 3,481l. 0s. 5d. The net profit is, therefore, very small; and the large balance is due to the spirited exertions of the citizens.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards's 'History of the Opera' is printed, and nearly ready for publication.

'Down South; or, An Englishman's Experiences at the Seat of the American War,' is the title of a book by Mr. S. P. Day, Correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, which Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are preparing for publication.

An order made by Sir John Romilly on a reference to the Court of Chancery of the late Mr. George Biggs's will, defines the position of that portion of the deceased gentleman's estate which he had meant to leave for the benefit of aged and decayed printers and printers' widows. The property in question, about 12,000l., had been paid into court. Sir John decided "that the money should be transferred to the four Trustees of the Printers' Almshouse Society; the capital to be retained intact, and the income to be applied according to Mr. Biggs's will; it being declared that the participants are not to be confined to the inmates of the almshouses, or members of the Society, though these are not excluded—the Court holding the trust to be for the benefit of printers and widows of printers generally." A little time may pass before the intentions of the testator can be carried out, though not much, it is to be hoped. Some of the almshouses, we hear, are now empty for want of funds. The Trustees should at once proceed to exercise the powers conferred upon them by the Master of the Rolls.

Mr. Punch "About London," would be an advertisement after the late Mr. Batty's own heart. This renowned entertainer of the public used to say to his authors, "Hang your piece; give me a bill that looks well on a wall." Mr. Punch "About London," would have looked uncommonly well on the wall. It is the same thing, we suppose, when we read "Mr. Mark Lemon about London;" for Mr. Mark Lemon, it is said, is but another name for Mr. Punch, as Charles Dickens is for Boz and Francis Mahony for Father Prout. After amusing the public for many years by his pen, as playwright and story-teller, Mr. Lemon is about to try a more personal entertainment, in the manner of Albert Smith, gossiping about the valley of the Thames instead of the valley of Chamonix, and taking his hearers up to Westminster, instead of up to the summit of Mont Blanc. We are promised a profusion of maps, models and illustrations, as aids in this new attempt to amuse or instruct the public.

It is remarkable, that while the Cotton Trade with the Southern States of America is nearly at an end, another trade, which bids fair to be of equal importance, is rapidly springing up in the Northern States and in Canada. All accounts concur in stating that the Oil Springs in Pennsylvania and in Canada are yielding petroleum with continually increasing abundance. Montreal is now lighted by gas distilled from this mineral oil, and so rapidly is it usurping the place of coal-gas, that instead of England exporting coals to America to manufacture gas, it is probable that we shall import petroleum largely to be distilled into gas. There are already 20,000 barrels of petroleum on their way to England; and although a war with America will, of course, stop the supplies to some extent, yet the exports from Canada *via* St. John's in New Brunswick will continue. The great value of petroleum will be understood when it is stated that besides producing a beautiful gas, wax for the manufacture of paraffine candles, benzoline, from which the fashionable dyes of Magenta and Roseine are produced, and excellent lubricating oil, can be obtained.

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Messrs. Cundall & Downes have produced a photographic fac-simile of a copy of 'Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' The original copy belongs to Mr. R. C. Wrighton, by whom it was purchased seven or eight years ago, at the sale of Mr. Penn's Gray MSS. for 121l. It is in the autograph of Gray, and the folding and creasing of the paper show that it was a copy carried about in a pocket-book, probably to be read at tea-drinkings and sentimental gossips. Some of the verses were afterwards cut away by the poet, and many expressions altered, to the manifest improvement of his work. Thus we read in this draft of his memorable lines—

Some mute, inglorious Tully here may rest,  
Some Cæsar, guiltless of his country's blood.

A critic, Mason, as is well known, suggested the alteration from Tully to Milton and from Cæsar to Cromwell; every reader will at once perceive that the critic was, in this instance, a true poet. We are much obliged to Mr. Wrighton for his agreeable present.

Under the title 'Christmas with the Poets,' Messrs. Bell & Daldy have produced an illustrated book of some pretensions, not warranted by the care bestowed in selecting the literature, or the enterprise bestowed upon the art. Not a third of the poets have been read for the subjects; and the illustrations are, for the most part, beneath criticism. Weak as Mr. Birket Foster often is, he has here surpassed himself in feebleness—his feebleness not being "pretty." The binder and printer have done their duty by the publishers: no one else.

Messrs. Edmonston & Douglass publish a series of drawings by Mrs. Hugh Blackburn, entitled 'Birds, drawn from Nature.' These are amongst the most perfect and conscientiously executed works we have ever met with. The lady has taken the sensible and honest view of the only genuine way of executing the task she has chosen, in declining the aid of stuffed specimens of the creatures to be portrayed, which, as she truly says, are, however skillfully stuffed, but fallacious guides for the devoted student. Her plan has been, to study as well as possible the habits and nature of the birds, and from the living, where practicable in captivity, or from the dead specimens recently shot, when nothing of a preferable sort was at command, to draw with the utmost care and precision every detail of bone, beak, feather, claw or eye that presented itself. Originally an able executant, Mrs. Blackburn, under such a system of practice, has produced such a series as must make glad the eyes of every naturalist who sees them, and beautiful enough for us to wish that she might be compelled to illustrate some grand work in the same admirable manner. The form and textures of the beak and plumage of a gannet, in this series, are in the perfection of rendering. Hardly less should be said for two blackbirds; while there is one of a swimming guillemot, which for beauty of execution has never been surpassed. Hardly less complete are two "blue tits," perched and swinging amongst hop-bine on the fine head of a heron with sword-sharp bill and piercing eye.

The following letter needs no introduction:—

"Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

"My dear —,—A public meeting took place a few days since in this rapidly rising town, for the object of taking into consideration the establishment of a diocesan or county school for placing within the reach of farmers, tradesmen and others forming the middle classes, a sound and comprehensive education for their children on the lowest possible terms, corresponding very much in character to the one recently established in Devonshire under the auspices of the indefatigable Mr. Acland and the noble house of Fortescue. The object was ably introduced by Lord Taunton, who practically exhibited his interest in the scheme by presenting the Treasurer with 100l. towards the preliminary expenses. An interesting discussion followed, in which Archdeacon Laud and Archdeacon Denison, formerly belligerents in a theological controversy, met on friendly ground, and argued in a most catholic and able spirit for the establishment of schools which would give to the children of the farmer and tradesman better

opportunities for obtaining a more sound and useful education than at present enjoyed. That the farmers are beginning to see the importance of a superior education was manifested by the fact that the meeting was called at the urgent solicitation of a few respectable tenant farmers. If the county should prove successful in carrying out a Model Middle School, others of the like nature will speedily follow, and thus will be realized the opinion of our excellent Prelate, Lord Auckland, that there is room in Somersetshire for half-a-dozen such schools. I am, &c.

ARTHUR KINGLAKE."

The following works are in progress for the Paleontographical Society:—A Monograph of the Fossil Crustacea of Great Britain, by Prof. Bell.—The Polyzoa of the Chalk Formation, by Prof. Busk.—British Carboniferous Brachiopoda, by Mr. Davidson.—Eocene Mollusca (Univalves), by Mr. Edwards.—The Fossil Elephants of Great Britain, by Dr. Falconer.—A Monograph of the British Fossil Estheride (Univalve Entomostraca), by Mr. T. R. Jones.—The Entomostraca of the British Wealden, Oolitic and Liassic Deposits, by Mr. T. R. Jones.—A Monograph of the British Cretaceous Foraminifera, by Mr. T. R. Jones and Mr. W. K. Parker.—A Supplementary Monograph of the Testacea of the Cornbrash, Forest Marble and the Great Oolite, by Dr. Lycett.—A Monograph of the Placoid Fishes of the Mountain Limestone of Great Britain, by Prof. Melville.—A Monograph of the Carboniferous Fossils of Great Britain, exclusive of the Corals, Brachiopoda and Trilobites, by Prof. Melville.—Fossil Reptilia of Great Britain, by Prof. Owen.—The Trilobites of the Mountain Limestone, Devonian and Silurian Formations, by Mr. J. W. Salter.—A Monograph of the Fossil Graptolites of Great Britain, by Prof. Wyville Thomson.—Eocene Mollusca (Bivalves), by Mr. Searles Wood.—The Radiaria of the Oolitic Formations, by Dr. Wright.—and The Radiaria of the Cretaceous Formations, by Dr. Wright.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Manchester Free Libraries, prepared by Mr. Smiles, the principal Librarian, and reporting the working of the different departments from September, 1860, to September, 1861, has been recently printed. It shows that the issues for the year have been, from the Reference Library, 142,433 vols., or a daily average of 478 vols.; from the Chief Lending Library, 78,464 vols.; and from the three Branch Lending Libraries, 188,124 vols., or 891 vols. lent per day, being a mean daily aggregate of 1,369 vols. put into the hands of borrowers and of persons referring to books. The mean daily average for the preceding year, 1859-60, was 1,250 vols. The stock of books now possessed by the Corporation of Manchester, and at the call of the public in the Reference and the four Lending Departments, aggregates 56,554 vols. Of these 30,985 belong to the Reference Department, and are read or consulted on the premises, the remainder are for circulation through the Lending Departments. The collection at the Reference Library includes an assemblage of popular educational books, maps, charts, &c., contributed by publishers, and open to the examination of schoolmasters and others interested in practical instruction—open, indeed, to any one who desires to inspect the collection, which embraces above 1,000 books, sets of books and lessons, maps, charts, &c., for class or collective teaching. The additions to the Library during the past year have been 2,909 vols., which include many valuable works from local donors, and authors, local and other.

Closes shortly.

HOLMAN HUNT'S Great Masterpiece of Sacred Art. "BEHOLD! I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK" (Rev. iii. 20), specially valuable as the highest and most complete expression of the genius of this eminent English Painter, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 166, New Bond Street, prior to its being returned to its private possessor, and final exclusion from public exhibition altogether.—Admission, Sixpence, from Ten to Five. A perfect light insured at all times.

## SCIENCE

### SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC.—Dec. 14.—Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.—J. H. Macalister, Esq., M. Lewin,

Esq., J. Milligan, Esq., Major-Gen. Anstruther, H. D. Seymour, Esq., M.P., J. Westwood, Esq. and the Rev. W. J. Beaumont, were elected Resident Members; and J. E. Blunt, Esq., N. Moore, Esq., H. S. Freeman, Esq., H. A. Churchill, Esq. C.B., the Hon. A. Gordon, and G. K. Nieman, Esq., were elected non-resident Members.—Besides various donations of books made to the Society by different contributors, a selection of seventy-seven silver coins was presented in the name of His Highness the late Rao of Kutch, who had intrusted to General Jacob the whole of his large collection, from which the Society might choose any that would usefully augment the series in their possession. They are principally coins of the Sâh and Gupta dynasties of Surâshtra.—A paper, by J. Muir, Esq., 'On the Indian Materialists,' with remarks on freedom of speculation in India, was read by the Secretary.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Dec. 2.—J. W. Douglas, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. Barnard exhibited an extensive series of Coleopterous insects from Smyrna.—Mr. D'Urban exhibited a large collection of Lepidoptera, formed by him in South Africa, amongst which were beautiful series of the Pieride, and other butterflies of that country.—Mr. Stevens exhibited some splendid butterflies, collected by Mr. A. R. Wallace in Mysol, near New Guinea; he announced that Mr. Wallace, who has spent several years in investigating the Natural History of the Indian Islands, would probably return to England in the spring of next year.—Mr. Adam White exhibited a species of Mantispa, bred in some numbers from a nest of *Polybia scutellaris*, a South American wasp, said to collect honey. The nest, which is a remarkably fine one, has lately arrived at the British Museum from Monte Video, and, on being opened, a number of the Mantispa were found alive therein. Of the economy of this singular insect nothing is known; it is presumed to be parasitic on the wasp, and the examples exhibited during their brief existence at the British Museum displayed all the carnivorous propensities of the family to which they belong, eagerly devouring the small insects presented to them. Mr. White also called attention to a small beetle of the family Buprestidae, having the epistomata projecting and developed into two short horns; a form quite novel in that beautiful family of Coleoptera. For the reception of this insect, which is allied to the genus *Anthraxia*, Mr. White proposed to found a new genus.—Mr. Machin exhibited a specimen of *Ethia emortuaria*, a moth of the family Pyralide, taken in Epping Forest, near Loughton. This species, which is found sparingly in southern Europe, has only been previously taken on one occasion in this country, by the Rev. H. Birks, at Henley-on-Thames.—Mr. Waterhouse read a paper 'On the British Species of the Genus *Gyrophana*' and exhibited a specimen of *Ichneumon corticina*, a species unrecorded as British, which he had discovered in the collection of the late Mr. Heysham, of Carlisle.—Mr. F. Walker communicated descriptions of exotic Lepidoptera in the collections of Messrs. Saunders and Fry.—The Secretary read a paper, by Mr. R. Trimen, of Cape Town, South Africa, 'On the Lepidoptera of that Country, including Species belonging to the families Satyridæ, Lycaenidæ and Hesperidæ.—The President announced that in compliance with the almost unanimous wish of the Members of the Society, the chair at the monthly meetings would for the future be taken at seven o'clock in the evening, instead of eight o'clock, as heretofore.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Dec. 17.—Annual General Meeting.—G. P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair.—The President gave his address. The Council presented their Report. Telford Medals were presented to Messrs. W. H. Preece, G. P. Bidder, jun. and F. Fox; Council Premiums of Books to Messrs. W. H. Preece, F. Braithwaite, G. Hurwood, and W. Hall; and the Manby Premium, in Books, to Mr. G. P. Bidder, jun. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the several offices on the Council for the ensuing year:—President, J. Hawkshaw; Vice-Presidents,



J. E. Errington, J. Fowler, C. H. Gregory and J. R. M'Clean; *Members*, Sir W. Armstrong, J. Cubitt, T. E. Harrison, T. Hawkey, G. W. Hemans, J. Murray, J. Scott Russell, G. R. Stephenson, C. Vignoles and J. Whitworth; *Associates*, Mr. J. Cochrane and Col. Simmons, R. E.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Royal Institution, 3.—'Light,' Juvenile Lecture, Prof. Tyndall.  
THURS. Royal Institution, 3.—'Light,' Juvenile Lecture, Prof. Tyndall.  
SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'Light,' Juvenile Lecture, Prof. Tyndall.

## FINE ARTS

*The Fables of Perrault*—[*Les Contes de Perrault. Dessins par Gustave Doré*]. (Paris, Hetzel.)

M. Gustave Doré has chosen a theme the reverse of the 'Inferno' of Dante. Like that, these works are of unequal character, some of them rising to the sublime, in the manner which is habitual with the artist—in impressive and suggestive treatment of light and shade, in gloomy vistas of forest trees, tall pine trunks whose hanging boughs take the eye into mysterious depths where no light is, sunny avenues chequered with shadow, or melancholy forests seen at night. Less happy, but less ordinary with M. Doré, are other designs, wherein common daylight is the leading effect. This is often adopted with a vigour that is only comparatively inferior to that of the first-named class. The drawings before us, containing figures on a large scale, render evident that want of a sound artistic power of drawing on the part of the artist which we have before regretted. The limbs of the child who stands before the gigantic wolf, in the first illustration to 'Le Petit Chaperon Rouge,' are drawn with little feeling for beauty, and infelicitously express the action. An artist, from heedlessness, may omit all detail; but it is obviously of the first importance that expressive action, at least, should be rendered in all good work. Again, in 'Le Petit Poucet,' where the giant is pulling out the terrified children from under his own bed, the huge creature's body is absolutely without foreshortening; so that the figure stooping, with its head towards us, looks flat;—nor is the figure of the monster's wife, in the same illustration, better executed. Equally bad is the arm of the giant, with which he is about to pluck a little nestling child from the bed, in the next design to the above. The babes sleep like a nest of birds, innocent and pretty as they can be, in all attitudes of childlike repose. Here is the redeeming feature of the design in question; for little can be said for the manner in which the great brute himself has been treated.

It has been often remarked, that an artist displays the true character of his genius in dealing with the grotesquely terrible aspect of Art. A wide field for exercise of this faculty, had M. Doré possessed it in original strength, is to be found in the themes he has thus chosen to illustrate. The ogres and monstrous giants of the nursery legends offer to the strong imagination something which is infinitely terrible, at the same time that it is enriched, so to speak, with the grotesque and strange aspect appropriate to such bizarre creatures. The representation of a giant that is merely a lumbering, bottle-nosed mass of flesh—such as we see so often depicted at country fairs in England, and borne about the streets in effigy at certain festivals in France and Belgium—shows but the coarse, commonplace conception of a brutal fellow, magnified enormously. Every one who has entered into the spirit of the legends respecting them knows there was that which is far more individualized and

distinct in the big fellows. They had peculiar tastes—cannibalism, for example—and points of character which need to be expressed by something beyond the big and vulgar mouth, huge teeth and goggle eyes the limited imaginations of dull nursery-maids delight to endow them with. It is in representing this generic character that the power of design held by an artist will never fail to manifest itself. If he gives no more than these commonplaces, dull and stupid as they are, we are justified in thinking that he has no competence for representing the grotesquely terrible. Grandville dealt with the great folk in another manner. Our own Blake would have done better still. Turner did best of all. M. Doré's work is ambitious, and his name is great; therefore, he cannot object to have his works tried by the highest standard. It requires a strong and penetrative imagination to give us a satisfactory ogre. Picking bones and bolting children are not all his faculties. The artist's shortcomings when dealing with similar grotesque subjects have been pointed out by us when commenting on his conception of Dante's 'Geryon.'

If we take M. Doré on his more familiar grounds, not alone in regard to treatment of suggestive effects of atmospheric condition, but where he puts before us childhood, manhood, womanhood or old age, the verdict to be pronounced is to a very different effect. There is a group of children in the admirable frontispiece to this book which is charming for its true perception of infantile and childish character. An old lady—whose figure is odiously drawn, by the way—holds a huge book of fairy legends upon her lap, while around her gather awe-stricken girls and interested boys, whose looks augur more curiosity and wonder than mere fear. One plump little girl, totally overcome by the terrible matters that are being told, clings with fearful eyes to the neck of the reader. Another—amazed, bewildered—stares, the personation of credulity. A dainty little damsel, with eyes whence tears of awe will soon fall, trembles at the knee of her senior. The toys are neglected; a boy clammers over the back of the chair, tilting over to see the wondrous page. The face of Little Red Riding Hood, when we see her awake by the side of that strange and dark-visaged bedfellow who has so startlingly assumed the head-gear of "grand-mamma," is really beyond smiling at, so intense is its fearful wonder—so deep the shudder shown by her action of drawing the little nightgown over the bare childish shoulder. Grandmamma's own face, when she wakes out of her cosy nap, to find the grim beast's claws clutching the sheets from under her own chin, is admirably shown in another design. Here one recognizes nature in the artist's mind; there is a terror, not unmingled with indignation, in the old eyes that meet the sharp orbs of the beast, which we never saw more finely expressed. The rush of the house-cat under the bed, the snuffbox falling from where it was placed to be handy for the owner's delectation, are little points of incidental illustration well worthy of praise. The meeting between 'Chaperon Rouge' and the false grim one, after the catastrophe which concludes the last scene, is full of character and expression.

'Le Petit Poucet' has several designs, which derive their merit chiefly from the exercise of the artist's peculiar and distinct faculty—i.e., the power of expressing the feelings of the mind by those portions of the picture which painters usually treat as subordinate. Nevertheless, nothing could render the ideas of loneliness, intricacy and confused misfortune

better than the work which shows the little one stooping down beside the river, shadowed over as the whole scene is with multitudinous boughs, intricate foliage and innumerable trunks in an endless maze. Nor could anything be better than the deep forest glooms into which the hapless family are led—the little hero at the tail of the line scattering paper—it is like an arboral cavern, hopeless of release. After all the wanderings of the children, and they present themselves at the refuge, they are seen in M. Doré's design as standing in the light of a lantern, whose cone of rays falls from the flame in a manner which must be seen and carefully studied before due praise can be given to the execution of so difficult a theme. The stream of light, seemingly motefull or powdered, as it falls from the bearer's hand to the crowd of little fellows who are gathered about the steps on which she stands, is a triumphant piece of imitative art.

'La Belle au Bois Dormante' has several beautiful illustrations—that is, beautiful in so far as they exemplify a not novel conception of the subject. The design showing the distant palace, with gleaming sunlight along its sleeping towers, taken from without amongst the wild underwood, is delightful. The hero going up the avenue with the bright terrace-steps beyond, is finely suggestive of hope and a welcome triumph. This is a beautiful study. Where the victor comes amongst the sleepers is commonplace in treatment; nor is the kissing scene otherwise. The Ball in 'Cendrillon' is full of vivacity. One or two of the illustrations to 'Le Maître Chat' border upon caricature; a Castle scene is infinitely the best of these. There is a great deal of humour in 'Peau d'Ane,' but most admirable is a troubled moonlight sky seen over the pinnacles of the palace—a truly grand and beautiful work. 'La Barbe-bleue' is distinguishable for the clever rendering of the heroine's face, with an expression of girlish wilfulness that shows a just reading by the artist of the story. This is just the woman to do what she ought not to do—to disobey out of mere idle selfishness, and feel sure to escape punishment because of her silly charms. We are sorry to observe, however, from the ogreish look M. Doré has imparted to the much-maligned nobleman's countenance, that he will not disturb the popular ideas respecting his personal character. It will be seen, from our estimate of these designs, that we consider the artist to have thrown away the chance he had of dealing with his theme in an entirely original manner. However, it is certain that fable and fairy history were never illustrated so magnificently as they have here been by M. Doré.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Adams's statue of Sir Charles Napier, of Scinde, recently placed at the left hand of the north entrance in St. Paul's, is an unfortunate combination of the Napier and the Havelock in Trafalgar Square. In looking at the new figure, it is impossible not to feel that Mr. Adams has refused to benefit his designs by the infusion of more vitality and honest care, ignoring thereby the spirit of criticism which cried out against the disproportion, heaviness and tameness of the most remarkable of the failures in Trafalgar Square. Characterless and impassive as the Hero of Scinde appears there, the second figure is even more dull and inane. All who saw him know how full of fire, of energy and of life the man was, seeming parched with a hot vitality, earnest, eager, swift to perceive and do. All who see the statues which we are ashamed to think must carry so tame a presentment to posterity will feel amazed at the dull incapacity that could treat such a subject without inspiration, placing the man stiffly with his sword and gloves in the

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one case, or the eternal cloak and sword in the other; both with the big, blunt nose, the flabby cheeks, heavy ears, stolid, soulless air and jointless limbs. This want of feeling for the theme is not redeemed by any conscientious workmanlike care in the execution of the new design, for that is blunt in handling, from want of finish, commonplace, from want of study of nature, and coarse, from want of artistic perception. We trust the statue of Sir W. Napier the historian, which is being prepared in Mr. Adams's studio, for the same cathedral, may show some sort of artistic power. If not, that gentleman's reputation will be irretrievably damaged.

Baron Marochetti's monument to the memory of Lord Melbourne and his brother, which has been for some time past in course of erection in St. Paul's Cathedral, is now sufficiently completed to enable us to give an opinion of its merits. Although not less out of keeping with the surrounding architecture than in the majority of the companion statues erected in the building, it is more interesting than the general run of such works. The design is simple enough—an angel on each side of a black portal as of a tomb. These figures have a character and expression which may be styled that of Romantic Art, that is to say, they are by no means such as are peculiar to Classic Art, nor that dreadful imposture called Modern Classic. The draperies are spirited and not ungraceful; the features formed are an expressive, if not an ideally-beautiful, model. On the whole, as we may say for many of the sculptor's better works, this design is more effective than beautiful, more telling than sound, yet, with many faults of execution, having a redeeming look of individuality and purpose not very common in sculptural art. Those who draw their opinion of Baron Marochetti's powers from such failures as the 'Richard Cœur de Lion' at Westminster, will be agreeably surprised to find much that is valuable in this new work.

'Waifs and Strays from a Scrap-Book' is the title of a series of beautiful designs drawn by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, better known as "E. V. B.," a signature having delightful memories for all who saw her 'Nursery Rhymes,'—a charming book, noticed by us some months since. The set of drawings now in question have been previously printed for private circulation; the present issue is therefore styled a second edition. As far as the public are concerned this is a new work, consisting of a selection, made without much relation of themes, from the original sketch-book of a gifted lady, whose taste leads her to delight in a sweet and poetic pathos of a high order of feeling. The designs are executed with delicacy and purity of style, and even the technical errors of their execution are such as do not mar the fanciful grace and elegant earnestness with which they abound. One design to Mr. Tennyson's lines in 'In Memoriam,' "Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"—an earnest-eyed child-angel seated beneath a leaf-densured tree and above a grave,—though not without a suggestion of Guercino's feeling, is very beautiful. Another, of knights and ladies descending a flight of stairs, with the motto *Facilis descensus*, has the expressive suggestiveness of an early Italian picture about it. Without lengthened quotation, it is impossible to render clear the feeling of a lovely drawing of a child-genius, who is supposed to be commissioned by some wearied human soul to fill again at the fountain of life and love the joy-vessels of a life that has been drained too soon. This design is exquisitely beautiful. Another, of some happy children at play in a garden, is pleasant to see. The series is very unequal in execution, and even in conception, sometimes trite. A few such charming designs as those we have enumerated redeem all shortcomings.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Trio (No. 3) pour Piano, Violon et Violoncello.* Composé par E. Silas. Op. 46. (Cramer & Co.)—This is a noticeable work by a superior man, who has not yet found his public. In our days of monotonous frivolity as regards publication, such a composition as this *Sonata* for three instruments should not wait for its recom-

mendation. It ought to have a hearing at the *Popular Concerts*; since it has style, science and a certain originality distinct from extravagance, which should make it welcome, by way of a variety, even in places where Mozart's, Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's *Trios* have been enjoyed. Such acceptance, however, does not preclude examination. The opening of the *Allegro non troppo* for the pianoforte alone, with a real musical phrase at first delivered in the enriched modern style, has a certain novelty, grandeur and climax which are attractive. The episode, or second subject, is less good. There is a want of change in it,—the same as is to be found in Pre-Raphaelite pictures where no air is let in.

The mind of man claims rest, and cannot bear (Though next in power to God's) continual care.

—A "second part" is the hardest portion of any melody or composition for melodist or for composer to make. This necessity, we know, Mendelssohn (no born tune-maker) wonderfully evaded by aid of the strength of his resource and knowledge of effect; but without such ingenuity, if imagination be not forthcoming, music must become either dry or patchy, — as fatiguing as Spohr's, or else as fragmentary as M. Meyerbeer's. This point of sagacity (the world is tired of hearing about "points of departure") M. Silas has till now failed to hit: hence his *Trio*, however well cemented,—however much betokening a loving student of the best things in music, — is, in effect, heavy. In his second movement—*Scherzo*—a recollection of the last movement of Beethoven's *Solo Sonata* in G (Op. 14) is to be traced, not obtrusively. The close is bold and natural, — a *coda* which could only have been thrown off by a thorough artist.—The theme of the third division of this *Sonata* (*Andante*) is gracious and tuneful. Here, again, the want of "air" (to return to our painter's parallel) is as obvious as the like deficiency which spoils Schubert's instrumental music. In the *Finale Allegro molto vivace* M. Silas has (as in other works) confounded figure of notes with fancy of ideas. He has ingeniously worked this figure out to satiety. This is the least happy quarter of his *Trio*,—but the work, as a whole, is one too meritorious to be passed over,—one which ought to be heard in public.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—"Bearing in mind," writes one from Paris, worthy of being heard, "that you desired me to write to you about Signor Rossini's 'Chant des Titans,' I seize the five minutes that remain between the conclusion of the performance and the departure of the post, to tell you my impression,—shared, I believe, by the party of artists with whom I was,—which is one of disappointment. The effect was not great. The four basses were quite insufficient to give the only effect of which the piece is susceptible,—that of imposing sonority. *Motif suivi* there is none. It is a large rugged strain of rather uncouth defiance, and in the Crystal Palace, with fifty or a hundred bass voices, and a proportionate orchestra, would, no doubt, be imposing; but in the *Salle du Conservatoire*, sung by four voices, it was like a colossal statue in a greenhouse. Of course, the hand of the master is perceptible, and there are reminiscences of the second finale of 'Guillaume Tell' and of the 'Inflammatus' of the 'Stabat Mater'; but it can add nothing to the reputation of the author, and I believe few will in their hearts think it quite worthy of him. I am sorry he has broken his long silence by such a composition. It is as though a great orator, for whom all ears were open, rose up and said, 'Good-night, ladies and gentlemen.' Of course the piece was well received, and *encored*—but, believe me, it was not effective.—We had a pretty little *début* last night at the *Italiens* in 'Rigoletto'—of a very pretty Mdlle. Guerra who sang some years ago at the *Opéra Comique*, I believe without success, but who decidedly pleased last night. Her voice is an agreeable light *soprano*, equal, true and capable of high culture, naturally flexible and sufficient in power. She has much to learn, but I did not perceive that there was anything to unlearn. To-night a new German tenor, Herr Braun, appears in 'Norma,'

under the name of Brini. He is said to have a fine voice. The contract has been signed for the construction of a new Italian Opera House, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, to be ready by next October.—Signor Rossini is always at the piano, and continually doing something."

Dr. Marschner's death leaves a vacancy in the ranks of worthy second-rate German artists. He was born at Zittau, in 1795, during the great period of music; and early showed remarkable dispositions. Family circumstances did not admit of his receiving a very genial or complete education; but he soon distinguished himself as a pianoforte-player, and as the owner of a lovely boy's *soprano* voice;—he began to write in every form of composition ere he had mastered the rules of writing. About 1816, he had gathered skill enough to produce a small opera, 'Der Kiffhäuser Berg,' which opened the theatres to him; and from that time forth, was heard of in Germany as one pouring out musical dramas without stint, the fame of some among which (such as 'Der Vampyr' and 'Der Tempel') led to his installation at Hanover as Chapel-Master in the year 1830. A third opera, 'Hans Heiling,' produced a year or two later, bade fair to continue its writer's successes, but from that time forward Marschner's name may be said to have begun to perish; nor—left at a considerable interval behind Spohr's—is there anything in the voluminous mass of his music which will keep it alive. There is no "style" in his operas or his pianoforte music. 'Der Vampyr' was a second-hand emulation of Weber's fantastic manner, but Weber's melody (so justly called "flattering" by Mendelssohn) was wanting to it.—Though Marschner is said to have tried hard to mould his fancies so as to make them vocal,—and, in particular, to have studied Signor Rossini's music with this view,—there hardly exists any opera music more crabbed than his, the impurity in his part-writing for voices making remembrance so difficult as to be next to impossible. The first *finale* to his 'Falkner's Braut' is a miracle of difficulty hardly to be mastered save by machines. Life went on with him something drowsily as regarded his acceptance in German favour—and of late days he made attempts in London and Paris to ascertain if no chance was to be found in those livelier capitals for some recognition of his efforts. It may be feared that these ended merely in disappointment, and that the busy life of a diligent worker did not produce to him that result of satisfaction which ought (did one not know the lot to be unequal) to attend all honest labour.

Madame Laborde, whose masterly and florid singing some years ago, in a Belgian Opera Company here, is not forgotten, announces her arrival in London—to remain.

We are requested by Herr Bernsdorf, of Leipzig, to state that a Supplement to his 'Musical Lexicon' (a work which, so far as it has gone, bears a high character) is in preparation, to appear in the course of 1862.—With the view of making this as complete as possible, he is desirous of receiving information in the form of biographical particulars from the musicians of England.

Handel's 'Athalia' was a few weeks ago performed at Munster.—The oratorio, though full of beauty, is well high unknown in England.

The year dying out has been the poorest musical year in our experience. There has not been one new work produced that is likely to last long—not one new artist has appeared of any value or charm (Mdlle. Patti excepted, by courtesy). Let us hope for something better from the year to come, 1862.

## MISCELLANEA

*Popular Customs in Bavaria.*—A singular popular custom, of long standing in one part of Bavaria, re-appeared the other day; and though I was not on the spot to witness it, I have gathered some strange details which may be worth perusal. So orderly a country as Germany is the last place in which one would expect to find a sort of Lynch law, a reprobation by public opinion of crimes scarcely punishable by justice. I believe the only place where anything similar exists is the Southern States of America, where, however, people who make themselves ridiculous by marrying

young wives when themselves are old, or notable for stinginess, are punished in the same way as those who make themselves obnoxious in Bavaria. *Haberfeldtreiben* is the name given to this process, which exists in that part of the Bavarian highlands inclosed between three rivers, the Mangfall, which flows from the Lake of Tegernsee and joins the Inn by Rosenheim, the Isar and the Inn. If any one misbehaves in that country, and does not amend on receiving warning, a sudden tumult is raised outside his house. One or two hundred men in disguise, armed and provided with instruments of noise, assemble. The whole neighbourhood is informed of the person at whom this is directed; carriages are stopped, and spectators are requested to keep aloof from the performers. Then the list of the assembly is read in the name of the Emperor Charlemagne in the Untersberg. All the *Treibers* have feigned names, to which they must answer. Next the culprit is called up, and never fails to appear, generally in his shirt. One of the maskers reads him a long despatch, as ambassador from Charlemagne, while the others hold torches round to light the paper. In this the causes of the popular expression are recorded in doggerel verse, which is read so loud that the whole neighbourhood can hear. Every crime of the man has its verse; after each of which the assembly break into loud taunting laughter, and make a fearful noise with pans, bells, trumpets, whips cracking, shouts and stamping. At the end the culprit has another admonition; and other sinners are warned that if they do not improve the next meeting will be held at their houses. With this the gathering separates, as mysteriously as it came together. Usury, stinginess and avarice are chiefly punished by this tribunal, especially if of a kind that escapes the tribunal of law. It is much to be observed that great sinners are more apt to be punished than small ones, so that the common sayings, and King Lear's, about the impunity of great criminals are contradicted. On the last occasion the parish priest of Gmund, near Tegernsee, was thus brought to censure, and the judgment had an unfortunate effect, for a gendarme, who, with the confidence and self-reliance of a Bavarian minister of the law, fired upon the mass of two hundred men, was killed. But generally no damage is done, and if any window be broken, or hedge trampled down, the full value is forwarded to the owner. Once when a fine was imposed on a community because such a disturbance had taken place, the fine was paid anonymously. This alone would recall the guinea laid on the stall from which the rope was taken to hang Porteus. The history of this custom is obscure. It seems to have had a clerical origin, and was early applied to cases of seduction; but the secrecy that has always attended it affects its origin: and it is no more possible for the police to come on its traces than the antiquaries. The meetings are always conducted with the profoundest mystery; and it is supposed that members are always selected from a great distance, that their voices may not be recognized. The clergy formerly considered the institution most excellent in its working, but they have changed their opinion since they themselves have been subjected to it. An old peasant gave some details on the matter to Herr Steub, who has treated it in his book on the Bavarian highlands. He said the custom was a very good one; but, unhappily, now, unmarried young men were allowed to take a part, instead of staid old married men, which greatly detracts from its respectability. He added, that no one ever suffered by it, and it was never unjustly applied; though some dissent from this favourable verdict, and censure the punishment of unmarried girls merely for having relations with the foresters. E. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—An Old Subscriber—W. H. K.—E. A. M.—J. E. V.—received.

ON OURS.—Our Correspondent should remember that the consecutive twelfth parts of the ecliptic have always borne, and still bear, the names of the constellations which occupied them when the Greek Zodiac was formed. Thus the first thirty degrees which come next after the retrograding equinox, are still called *Arctas*, though the celestial constellation of that name is now in advance of them. The symbols  $\gamma$ ,  $\delta$ , &c., always refer to parts of the ecliptic, never to the old clusters of stars.

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